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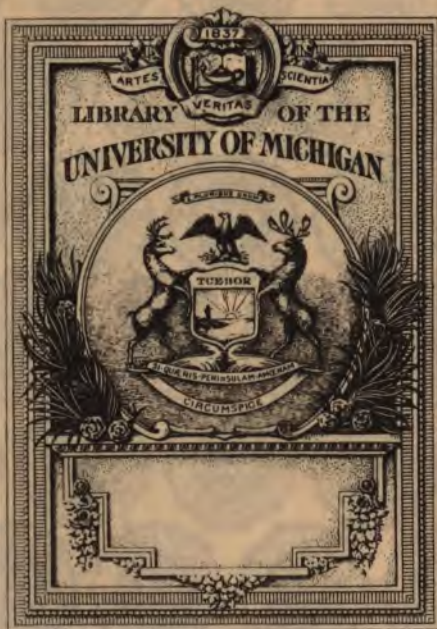
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In Memory.



Alexander
Hamilton
Stephens.

By I. W. Avery.



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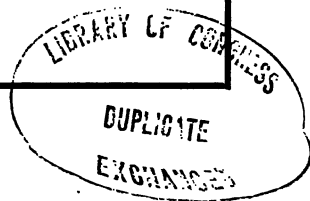
In Memory.



The Last Sickness,
Death,
And Funeral Obsequies,
of
Alexander H. Stephens,
Governor of Georgia.

By T. W. Avery.

Atlanta, Ga.
T. P. Sisson, Publisher.
1883.



The North at Stephens' Bier.

The Georgian household stands beside
The coffin where he lies:
They speak his praise with mournful pride
Amid their sighs.

Sweet Southern plants their leaves expand,
Though Spring has scarce begun—
Does Winter come to this fair land
Of flowers and sun?

No purchased skill has draped the room;
The ready hand we trace
Of Love, which lightens up the gloom
With tender grace.

A Northern stranger, as I gaze,
Come thronging thick and fast
The memories of other days,
Forever past.

Once more I hear the fierce debate;
I watch the rising tide
Of headlong rage which would not wait,
Nor turn aside.

O, voice, which strove in that dark hour
The temper to restrain!
To save us was beyond your power,
Your words were vain!

Could human strength avail to break
Such torrents' awful flow?
Had we a choice which way to take?
We may not know!

Could we have listened—bitter thought,
When thinking comes TOO LATE!—
Yet can we give HIM thanks who fought
Against our fate!

So, though a stranger, musing thus,
My Northern eyes grow dim:
The Union which is dear to us
Was dear to HIM!

"PEACEMAKER!" let the word be wrought
On monumental stone:
That PEACE, which for his land he sought,
Is NOW HIS OWN!

E. N. B. L.

ATLANTA, GA., MARCH 8, 1883.

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Alexander H. Stephens.

The Death of Gov. Stephens.

AS CLEAN AND PURE, as able, strong and great a spirit as the world has ever shown, went to its final home of painless light at 30 minutes after three o'clock, Sunday morning, March 4, 1883.

As I stood on that crisp Sabbath day by the cold clay in the parlor of the Executive mansion, the caressing breezes, with gentle noise, stirring through the room and rustling the curtains audibly, I thought what a marvelous life that fragile and tortured casket held. For seventy-one years and twenty-one days this frail body had carried, take it all in all, the most famous and unspotted career of the last half century in this broad country. The familiar face in its last repose looked so natural! The expression was as peaceful as in slumber, the features life-like, the only striking index of inner characteristic being the firm-set lips. The pictures of the man represent a low brow and small head. With the scant, silvered hair brushed back, the real majesty of his head was disclosed, looking strangely broad and high, with a beautiful, expansive forehead, having the aspect of the massive. The slender figure was encased in his customary suit of simple black broadcloth, the bird-like hands, that with their white, nervous eloquence moved the historic roller-chair, folded in gloves across his breast.

Sad as was the sight, I could but think it was a fit ending of a noble life. The great old man died in official harness, the chief magistrate of his loved State, in the unabated vitality of his faculties. For nearly fifty years he had been in distinguished public trust, and he flashed out gracing the most exalted duty of all.

K. H. S.

The circumstances of his last illness were peculiarly touching. He had returned from Savannah, where he had been the vital and historic figure of the Sesqui-Centennial. On his arrival he took his bed and never rose from it again. The Sabbath morn witnessed his return home; the Sabbath morn two weeks later witnessed his gentle fading out. It can hardly be said that his trip to Savannah caused his disease. Its fatigue undoubtedly helped the sad death. He was taken sick riding up in a carriage with a broken glass; the sharp morning draft chilled him and brought on his old neuralgia of the bowels. The attack was very severe. His digestive organs were so struck as to lose him voluntary control of them. Powerful opiates and astringents checked his disease, but left him very ill. His delicate organism became fearfully disordered. Perhaps had he have had the care that knew his phenomenal system he might have improved. No one can tell. He had honest attention. He, however, did executive work in bed, and he saw everybody. And all this time the brave and very sick old statesman was weakening daily. He first could not hold nourishment; that overcome, he had hourly nausea; that baffled, he then could not sleep. It seemed as if the angel of death was after him.

For ten days there was no lull in his clearness of mind. He was bright and alert, knowing everybody, talking cheerfully, doing business, dictating letters. A day or two after he was taken, when he was in much pain, his digestion uncontrolled, and he sick with morphine, for a moment he surmised of death as a possibility, but it was only for a moment, and on Wednesday he said he would be up the next day. Some one sent him some oranges—a box from Savannah. He had Aleck, his boy, sort them out, and then he divided the thirty good ones into fifteen piles of two each, and every member of the household, white and black, old and young, by name received a sunny brace of the golden fruit in token of his remembrance.

When he first came into the mansion, he took the room at the end of the hall on the left going in, with its little cosy ante-chamber. He put out the large, stately state bedstead, and used

a cheaper single bed, which he placed in the off corner, heading north and footing south, after the rule of his life. In the opposite corner he had Aleck's cot placed. He bought a clock the first thing, and then a table and frame of pigeon-holes for papers, and here he did most of his work. Colonel Seidell was always on hand to write as he dictated. He received company here, and made it his home and office. One of his roller-chairs he had carried to the Governor's office in the capitol, for use whenever he should ride down. And there it is now, and there it should be permitted to remain, a typical reminder of the great old man. He occupied it a few times during the session of the Legislature, but since then he has been waiting for the warm, sunny days of human summer which will never come to him.

As he took more rest and checked his nausea, those near to him had faith in his recovery. He had been many times nearer to death, and survived. He did not assimilate his food, however, and he began to be restless. His sleep was not refreshing. His doctors stopped the current of visiting, and cut off work. He began to wander in the delirium of morphine, to mutter in his naps, to make scraps of speeches and rehearse his office business. The brain was at work upon the weakness of inanition. His intervals of clearness, however, reconciled those around him. He said, with a smile, to his private secretary, who was urging food on him, "Seidell, don't you know you oughtn't to feed a horse till he whickers?" He signed Senator Colquitt's certificate, also warrants for the payment of money; and on Wednesday, the 28th, he signed a remission of a fifty dollars fine for a man named, curiously, John Stephens, from Fulton county, who had committed an assault and battery. This was his last official act.

Dr. Steiner came Friday afternoon. He came from the death-bed of Gen. Dudley M. DuBose—Governor Stephens' predecessor in Congress in the Eighth District—to Governor Stephens' death-bed. I shall always hold in mind the slender figure of Dr. Steiner, with cool, gracious courtesy and intelligent but self-poised intensity of interest, sitting for nearly thirty-six hours beside his illustrious patient, battling against death to save his friend as he had so often

saved him. I could but think of Governor Stephens wanting him, a year ago, to stay and see him die; and this time, after the first recognition and invitation, his lying in the busy activity of his errant brain, oblivious of the devoted friend and physician who, with hand on his pulse, sat in steady vigilance to give the sufferer recovery.

When Dr. Steiner first came, he saw his patient with improved capacity for nourishment and freedom from nausea, and with his vital organs unattacked. He was hopeful. Up to noon Saturday there was no sign of the end. Nourishment had been taken, but there was that restlessness to conquer and sleep to woo for the patient, or there was peril. Food enough had been taken to replenish the waste; the organs were all right; but the nervous system must be rested, and sleep only could do this.

Running into the night, there began to be an ominous sinking. There was a diminishing pulse to alarm. Dr. Steiner had resolved to give chloral, if necessary, to secure the needed sleep.

"The Governor is dying!"

This was the message that greeted all comers about ten o'clock. In the parlor fronting the quiet group was the Stephens historic chair, empty and desolate looking. So long had he lived with it, so intimately had its life been interwoven with his, so completely had it pulsed and throbbed and quivered under the touch of his gentle fingers, and so faithfully had it responded to his slightest impulse, and interpreted his innermost and unuttered thoughts, that it seemed to be part of him as it sat there so still and silent.

As the rooms were filling gradually the other parlor was lighted, and the whole lower floor was lit up just as it was when, a few months ago, many of the same persons who were then present had escorted Mr. Stephens, amid the applause and enthusiasm of a vast crowd, to his first night in the mansion. The callers made sad groups in the parlors, the library or the hall, and talked in low tones. As one of the doctors came from the sick man, he was at once surrounded by questioners. The steady response was: "He is sinking rapidly, and can live but a few moments." Even after all hope had been abandoned by those who knew best, many clung

to the idea that the Governor would still fight his way through the cloud that gathered about him.

Drs. Miller and Steiner remained at Mr. Stephens' bedside almost constantly. In the bedroom were only the physicians and relatives of the Governor. No one was denied admission, and many friends paused in the door for a moment. The Governor was lying on the front part of the bed. He was very much emaciated, and his pallor was intense. He seemed to be in no pain whatever, but breathed heavily with apparent effort. His eyes were half closed, and wore a strained expression. His left hand was resting on his breast and his right hand lost beneath the cover.

At about two o'clock in the morning it was evident that Mr. Stephens was much weaker, and that a crisis was approaching. The doctors had prepared a strong mustard plaster and put it on his wrist. They let it remain there for perhaps twenty minutes. When they removed it there was not the slightest sign of inflammation, showing that there was very little vitality left. At about half-past two his extremities became cold and clammy, assuming a purplish hue. Dr. Miller said:

"The end is not far off."

As the close drew near, Mr. Stephens was lying on his back, with his head turned slightly to the right. The husky rattle in his throat that had been plainly perceptible earlier in the night had ceased entirely. There was no more heavy breathing, and not the slightest gasping. He was as quiet as a baby asleep in its mother's arms. Dr. Miller held his slender wrist anxiously. The tired pulse had almost ceased to beat. Only once in a while could the trained fingers detect a flickering throb, as the ebbing tide wasted slowly away.

At three o'clock Drs. Steiner and Raines, who had gone to sleep, were awakened. When Dr. Steiner reached his bedside, Mr. Stephens was very much weaker. Two ladies, Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Grier, who had retired for a little sleep, entered the room and took their place by the bed. There was then present, besides those and the physicians, Hon. J. T. Henderson, Judge Hall, Col. John A. Stephens, A. L. Kontz, T. B. Bradley, C. W. Seidell, R. K. Paul,

and two colored servants. The breathing grew fainter and fainter, but there was not the slightest disturbance on the pallid face. At length Dr. Steiner lifted the wrist, and bent with intentness over the bed. He then drew back, and putting on his glasses, looked into Gov. Stephens' face and said :

"I'm afraid he is gone."

This was precisely at twenty-four minutes past three.

After another earnest look he said :

"He is dead !"

So gently had the golden cord been loosened ! that not even the physician who stood with his hand upon the wrist, knew when the last link had slipped asunder.

As one stood looking at the worn and wasted frame, rocked and tossed and strained for so many years, but now at peace at last, and thought of the bitter and persistent fight against pain and suffering now so softly ended, that quaint quotation of Judge Logan E. Bleckley's came into mind—

"How costly is life—at what heavy expense
Do we temper the blood and nourish the sense ;
But death unto all is offered so cheap,
It is but closing the eyes and ceasing to weep."

It is uncertain what were the last words uttered by the great statesman before his death. It seems to be agreed that his last clearly conscious conversation was with Dr. Steiner. Mr. Seidell says that Saturday afternoon he recognized Mr. John A. Stephens, his nephew. Mr. Stephens asked the Governor if he knew him, and he replied, "Yes, it's John." Dr. Raines says further, that after this occurrence he was attending to some of his wants, and moving him in his bed, when he said :

"Doctor, you hurt me."

Dr. Raines says that those were the last words he ever uttered. This was purely an accidental exclamation. If this be true—and there is no report of words uttered after these—it is a strange fate that the last words wrested from Mr. Stephens' pallid and drawn lips should be an appeal against the physical agony with which

his whole life had been racked. For more than half a century the spirit of pain had clouded his existence, freighted his every breath with suffering. And at last, when the shadows of death had gathered about his bedside, and the compassionate mercy of God seemed to have tempered the pangs of dissolution, his old enemy, relentless and unsparing, invaded even that presence, defied even that mercy, and inspired the last language his trembling lips should utter upon this earth.

Meeting of Prominent Citizens.

By common consent, a call was circulated for a meeting of citizens and state and county officials, to be held at the Senate chamber at three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Among those present were Judge Bleckley, School Commissioner Orr, Senator Hoyt, Dr. J. S. Lawton, Mr. A. M. Reinhardt, W. P. Inman, Hon. Henry Jackson, Malcolm Johnson, W. J. Garrett, Hon. Lowndes Calhoun, Amos Fox, Colonel Mark Johnson, W. D. Ellis, John Stephens, A. J. McBride, Judge M. J. Crawford, J. L. Brown, Dr. W. F. Westmoreland, S. M. Inman, Hon. E. P. Howell, ex-Gov. J. M. Smith, City Attorney Newman, D. P. Hill, all the State-house officials, ex-Senator Duncan of Douglas, ex-Mayor English, James P. Harrison, John L. Wing and Judge Hall. On the left side of the chamber sat the entire city government—the Mayor, the Board of Alderman, and the City Council. While they came to the meeting as citizens, Mayor Goodwin stated that they were ready to take any action that was thought proper.

On motion of Judge Hoyt, Senator Colquitt was called to preside. On taking the chair, Senator Colquitt said that the meeting had convened to confer as to what measures should be taken to express the deep regret of the people over the death of Governor Stephens.

On motion of Mr. Reinhardt, Mr. H. W. Grady was requested to act as secretary of the meeting.

Colonel I. W. Avery, of the executive office, arose and said :

"I will state for the information of the meeting that the present idea as to the funeral services of Governor Stephens is, that the funeral is to take place on Thursday afternoon ; that the body of the deceased will be brought to the capitol to-morrow, to lay in state until the burial services ; that the body is to be put in our cemetery here for the present, leaving the question of permanent burial to be determined hereafter. The object of this meeting now is for our citizens to unite in carrying out the programme, that we may do full honor to the illustrious dead. In order to bring before the meeting a beginning of business, I move that a committee of fifteen citizens, of which the chairman of this meeting shall be chairman, shall be appointed, to take the matter in charge and to make all the arrangements."

Mr. J. H. Lumpkin seconded the motion, which was carried. The chairman announced the result, and the committee was then appointed as follows : A. H. Colquitt, chairman ; Mayor Goodwin, Hon. M. J. Crawford, Hon. J. M. Smith, Captain Henry Jackson, Julius L. Brown, R. W. Dorsey, Robert J. Lowry, S. M. Inman, Judge L. E. Bleckley, Hon. W. L. Calhoun, Elias Haiman, John Stephens, P. L. Mynatt, Wellborn Hill, B. H. Hill, Jr., Patrick Walsh.

SPEECHES.

Judge Hoyt said :

"As this is the first meeting that has been held, and as it is Sunday afternoon, it seems to me that it might be proper to have some resolutions presented and passed ; but I suppose that, as the meeting has been called hurriedly, no one has prepared any such resolutions. It would afford me great pleasure to hear some remarks on Mr. Stephens' life from some gentleman, especially one who has been a life-long friend of our honored dead. I refer to Hon. Martin J. Crawford, and I move that he be requested to make some remarks."

Judge Crawford arose and said, with evident feeling :

“ I know of nothing which I could say that would add to the high opinion which not only the gentlemen present, but the people of the State of Georgia and the United States, have of our late Governor. It is true that I have known him intimately for the last twenty-five or thirty years, and I have known no better man during that time. I have seen him under circumstances well calculated to test his patriotism and his courage. I was with him once in Richmond in 1862, when Forts Donaldson and Henry had fallen, and when we were about to leave the provisional Congress late at night, when we both had great apprehensions for the future; and when I took leave of him he was in great anxiety of mind as to the situation in which the country was at that time. He said to me: ‘The Confederacy is lost. I have no positive information of the dangers that threaten us by the probable fall of these forts, but I am sure that it is so. We may not meet again, and you are going. My duties call me here, and I shall remain at the post of duty; but I say to you here to-night’—and there was no one to witness our parting or to hear what he said; nor was there anything of acting in it—he was not playing the part of an actor. He laid his head upon my shoulder and wept, and said that he did not care to survive the liberties of his country. The scene was exceedingly affecting to me, sir. I have seen him on many occasions before and after. I saw him once in early morning, when a little errand boy from a store on Pennsylvania avenue came to our room. We were then living together. He came up to bring a piece of silver plate. He was twelve years old, unknown to Mr. Stephens and unknown to me. He called him up and asked him his name, and put his hand upon his head. He had no interest in the boy, but he talked with him about his condition. Whilst he was in conversation with him, the breakfast bell summoned us to breakfast. He told the little boy to lay off his wraps, put his hat upon our table, and join us in breakfast. The little boy thanked him, and told him that he had had breakfast. But Mr. Stephens said that a boy scarcely ever saw a time when he could not eat a

meal. He arose and put his arm around him, and carried him in, and made him join us in breakfast; talked with him kindly and affectionately, and said many things to him which it is unnecessary for me to repeat, but it satisfied me of the goodness and kindness that were in the man's heart. There was nothing like policy in what he did. The boy could not serve the great Mr. Stephens, then a member from the State of Georgia, but it showed the character of the man—what sort of a heart he had in his body.

“Soon thereafter we had to leave the city of Washington. We concluded to call and take our leave of the President. As we were going, he turned up Sixth street and said he would detain me but a moment. As he got out of the carriage to enter a house, a little girl came running to him, and shouted to her mother that Mr. Stephens had come. I did not know who she was. The little girl kissed him, and said he had been so kind, and she was delighted to see him. He said he had called to take his leave. I overheard what passed between them. He had been dividing his income with that poor family. He never, as you know, was a man of wealth, but he was dividing the little that he had with them. Upon our return home we found letters upon his table—or rather he found them. Two or three were from those to whom he was rendering aid in getting an education. I heard him talk often of the various young men and girls that he assisted. I know the good that he did. I know that he has educated and helped to educate one hundred and twenty-two young men—or, perhaps, young men and ladies together. Georgia never lost a better man than Alexander H. Stephens. I knew his heart. If you did him a wrong, and there was a good construction that he could place on what you had done, he would place the good construction on your act, and lay no blame on you. There are many instances that I might mention, Mr. Chairman, showing his character and goodness of heart. Really, whilst he had no family to love, he had others to whom he was greatly devoted. One of the evidences of his own goodness of heart is, that there are so many people who feel that they are the nearest to him. No one is beloved who does not himself love others. One reason of his popularity was because of the fact

that he had great love for the people. Mr. Chairman, this call was unexpected. I regret that I did not know that something of the sort would be done, that I might do justice to this great and good man."

At the conclusion of Judge Crawford's remarks, Senator Colquitt was called for, and responded as follows:

"I would respond with very great pleasure to this call, but I do not feel that I could do any sort of justice to my own sensibilities or to the subject, arising upon an occasion of this sort, when it was so little expected. There was present to my mind, during the remarks of Judge Crawford, an illustration that came under my own eye of how he loved others, and how disinterested he was in his work of doing good. At a meeting of the board of trustees of the University of the State of Georgia, Mr. Jackson Lewis, the principal of the Dahlonga Institute, arose and spoke of how a young man was being educated at Dahlonga, and what self-denial he practiced, and what he had accomplished. He had exhausted all the means that had been furnished him. Those means had been furnished by a friend. The young man was then (during vacation) seeking employment and trying to get up a little school, so that he might make enough money to provide for his expenses during the term. Mr. Stephens was present at the meeting of the board, and was in one of the alcoves, sitting off from the board of trustees. At last it was said, 'And by-the-by, that is the young man that Mr. Stephens sent to Dahlonga.' Mr. Stephens quietly rolled his chair into the company of trustees, and said, 'Yes, and he is going back.' That intimation was enough. It was well understood that however unfortunate a young man might be in providing means, this man who had done so much for him thus far intended to continue his benefactions. I learned something of the history of that boy. He was a plain, country boy, and lived some distance from a village, worked upon the farm, plowed and hoed, but felt, as he was doing this daily work, the longings for an education and for a better condition for himself. His family

did not have the means of supplying him so that he could have an education. In going up, one Sunday, to a Baptist Association, in a casual conversation where there were some gentlemen present, this poor boy said, 'I would like to have an education,' and some one present said, 'Suppose you go and see Mr. Stephens.' He worked upon a neighboring farm at twenty-five cents a day to pay his fare upon the cars to the town of Crawfordville, where Stephens then was. There he made his way, with his plain country garb of homespun and home-made clothing—a green country youth. He took his place in the cars and was carried to Crawfordville, where he stepped off a stranger. He hardly knew what to do, and in his perplexity he had forgotten the name of the man to whom he was directed. Hardly knowing what to do, he turned around to those who were idling about the depot, and asked, 'Whar is that man that educates poor boys?' Every finger there pointed to the mansion on the hill known as Liberty Hall. It is a sad thought that the poor boys of the future, when they shall feel the ambitious longings for an education, cannot now be pointed to Liberty Hall, but will be pointed to the grave upon which the tears of Georgians will shed a grateful shower of blessings. His life will be taken up and written—his public life and character—but such circumstances as these will always make him endeared all over Georgia."

Hon. G. J. Orr, State School Commissioner, made a short address, referring to the statement that Mr. Stephens had educated one hundred and twenty-two young men and ladies. He spoke of several instances, and referred to the great interest that Mr. Stephens took in the matter of education. In speaking of educating young men, Dr. Orr said:

"I presume it is true that he has done more in this particular way, perhaps, than any other man that ever lived in Georgia; and he did not confine his benefactions to the white race within my knowledge. I mention it to his credit here to-day, that one colored student, who had been a servant of his brother, the late

Judge Stephens, has been to my office repeatedly. He is supported largely by Mr. Stephens. I could state some very interesting details in connection with that, but I forbear."

Captain Henry Jackson spoke as follows, when Dr. Orr had concluded :

"I wish to refer for a moment to one element of his character that has struck me with force. Allusion has been made already to his tenderness of heart and kindness of disposition. I desire to speak of his immovable firmness. It was a combination of the two elements that made him the great man that he was. I refer to this now, because not very long since quite an active campaign was passed through, with Mr. Stephens at the head of the party, and I was in such a position that I had to see him almost daily in reference to the questions of principle and policy. I remember that soon after the nomination the Democratic party of the State seemed to be somewhat panic-struck as to the result. A meeting of the executive committee was called to meet here, and a large number came. The party was considered in great danger, and we deliberated seriously to fix up a plan of operations, and arrange what Mr. Stephens should do. We then called on Mr. Stephens in a body, and laid down what should be his movements. Why, Mr. Chairman, he disposed of every question presented with a degree of decision and firmness that astonished every gentleman present. The recommendation of the committee as to where he should go and what he should do, seemed not to affect him one iota. There was decision of character. He decided upon his course and he acted, with a result that the people of Georgia already know. Again, during the campaign a committee of gentlemen called on me and stated that they represented the temperance movement in Georgia; that they controlled from twenty-five to thirty thousand votes, and that every one of them would be voted against Mr. Stephens unless he came out in a letter to them, stating that he would approve certain legislation that was expected to be passed by the Legislature. They stated that they had letters from

the opposition candidate to that effect, and that it was necessary to save this vote that he should take a firm stand. A few days after, Mr. Stephens arrived in the city, and I called upon him and laid the case before him. What was his reply? 'They say they have twenty-five thousand votes to vote against me? In the first place, I don't believe it; and if they had five hundred thousand votes to poll against me and overwhelm me, there is no power on this earth that can make me, in advance of my election, commit myself to any action when I shall become Governor of the State of Georgia. If I am elected, I take the executive office free and untrammelled, to perform the duties that the constitution puts upon me when the occasion is presented.' Mr. Chairman, this whole afternoon, days, could be consumed in citing instances of the kindliness of that man's heart. I knew him but slightly; and yet, in the slight acquaintance that I had with him, it shone forth like the rays of the sun—everywhere. Surrounded by men of the highest position, no man ever entered his office, even to the humblest negro, who did not receive every consideration. All men, high or low, received the same consideration at his hands. Why, during the Sesqui-Centennial—the last public act in which he was engaged—as he would ride through the streets in his carriage, escorted by the first people of the State, it would be stopped to allow him to speak to the poor and the colored people. It was a combination of gentleness of heart, love of the human race, and great firmness of character in what was right, that made him the great man that we shall soon commit to the grave."

Judge Logan E. Bleckley spoke as follows, following Captain Jackson:

"It was the character of completeness that struck me in Mr. Stephens. It seems to me that it was that which accounts for those special traits. He was a complete man. If you study him, he had a breadth and comprehensiveness very unusual. Take, for instance, his powers as a human being. He was a great thinker and a great speaker. He had the gift of expression by voice and

gesture. And then he was a great writer. In the combination of these powers he seems to me to surpass any other public man that we have had. If you will throw your mind back on the past history of the State, it is impossible to select one man who excelled him in these three characteristics—thinker, speaker and writer; and then he was an actor. He was practical, and had an adaptation to life in all its phases and all its gradations, from the lowly to the high. He could contract and expand—go out and come in; he was a man all over. That was Mr. Stephens. I say I shall remember him more for his completeness than anything else, and all his life presents that characteristic. He has done a complete work, he has lived a complete life, and it mitigates the sorrow at his death. We do not feel as we do when a common mortal dies. It seems that he has fallen upon the right time to live and the right time to die, and we can say, 'Farewell, our friend; your work is finished.' There is a completeness even about his work, and it is in a certain sense a sort of pleasure to meet death when it falls upon such a life; and even now, as he lays there, he does not look like he had died. He looks like he simply sleeps after all his work. It is perfectly marvelous—wonderful. He was no man to start with, physically. He has lived out seventy-one years, and his life presents a picture of completeness, mentally, morally, and in the work of a man."

Major Sidney Herbert then spoke:

"MR. CHAIRMAN: I did not anticipate that any addresses would be made at this preliminary meeting, nor did I expect to offer any suggestions. I came in my editorial capacity, simply to record the proceedings for the daily journal which I represent. Judge Bleckley's remarks in regard to Governor Stephens, his complete life and character, prompt me, however, to add a few words of confirmation to what the Judge has so concisely and appropriately said.

"In looking over this audience, I recognize no one present who ever saw Governor Stephens when the Angel of Death appeared

to be standing at his bedside, and the mind of the great statesman was unclouded. Last night he was in a deep stupor, as he had been most of the time for several days, and his spirit passed from its frail tenement without a sign of recognition or a parting word for the loved ones around his death-bed.

"But on January 7th, 1876, at 'Liberty Hall,' I witnessed quite a different scene. Mr. Stephens was suffering from one of the severest attacks of his life, and his physicians—including Dr. Steiner—and the family had given up all hopes of his surviving the night. I had been with Mr. Stephens during two previous critical attacks, but had never seen him so perfectly resigned and so ready to go. He considered his life complete. I never saw a more beautiful exhibition of pure Christian resignation than was there exhibited. Mr. Stephens talked to me freely of his condition, expressing the firm conviction that he had but a few hours more to live on earth. He had let go his grasp upon everything of a worldly nature, and remarked that his life work was complete; that he had nothing to finish, no higher honors to seek; that he was satisfied with his life, its labors and its rewards, and was ready to obey the summons of the Angel of Death. There were no weeping eyes, no sad faces around that couch of pain. The dearest heart that loved him best and would miss him most could neither weep nor mourn in such a presence. There lay the great statesman, the victim at times of the most excruciating pains, calmly awaiting the end. His mind was as clear and strong and serene as ever, and a placid smile rested on his pale, emaciated face. No word fell from his lips that was not full of Christian faith and hope, and that did not breathe a spirit of perfect resignation and entire satisfaction. The 'Sage of Liberty Hall' robbed death of all its terrors, and made it impossible to turn his sick-room into a place of weeping and mourning.

"That scene transpired seven years ago, and yet what great services Governor Stephens has performed since! If his life and labors were complete then, and he was ready to go, how much more complete were they last night when his spirit soared away to the mansions of the blest. It is true that he left no evidence of

his faith and hope and resignation in his last hours, because of the failure of his mental faculties; yet I am confident, judging from his condition during several severe attacks of illness, that had his mind remained unclouded, Governor Stephens on his death-bed would have re-enacted the scenes of January 7, 1876. If he was satisfied then with his labors and rewards, how much more satisfied would he have been last night. The past seven years have been full of labor and rich with rewards. And as to his Christian faith and hope, Governor Stephens needed no death-bed testimony to his pure, sincere and abiding faith in his sainted mother's precious Saviour. Seven years had increased and strengthened and made only more marked the religious elements of his character. As Judge Bleckley has said, it was a complete life—a life, I may add, that would have been complete in the best sense, though it had ended thirty years ago; for Mr. Stephens, of my own knowledge, always conformed his life and labors to the idea that both were liable at any moment to a sudden termination.

“Captain Jackson has referred to firmness as a characteristic of Governor Stephens, and one not generally made prominent in speaking of his marked qualities. Few people are aware that firmness was one of the foundation principles of Mr. Stephens' character. While it is true that he was generous to a fault, and kindly in his nature to all who needed his sympathy, yet, when occasion required, he could be as firm and immovable as the rock of Gibraltar. I remember an instance at ‘Liberty Hall.’ A farmer to whom Mr. Stephens had advanced money for making a crop, disregarding his obligations to his benefactor, had made an attempt to sell his cotton in a manner calculated to deprive Mr. Stephens of his just dues. The offender was caught and brought before Mr. S. in his sick-room. I shall never forget the just and firm manner in which the great statesman unfolded the base ingratitude of the man he had befriended, and how unrelentingly he insisted upon the enforcement of his claims. Had misfortune overtaken this farmer, and he appealed to Mr. Stephens for additional aid, it would have been cheerfully granted; but there was a sense of justice in the ‘Great Commoner's’ breast that made him

as firm to resist wrong as he was yielding to the calls of suffering humanity. In marked contrast was a scene I witnessed in the rooms of Mr. Stephens at a hotel in this city several years ago, and which I have never before made public. The 'Sage of Liberty Hall' was surrounded by quite a number of the most eminent men in the State, who had called to pay their respects, when I quietly informed him that Dr. B., from the Surgical Institute, had come. Excusing himself to his distinguished visitors, Mr. Stephens rolled his chair to the opposite corner of the room, and I presented Dr. B. It seems that Mr. S. had sent a poor crippled negro boy from his county to the institute, and was anxious to hear from the doctor if there was any chance to improve his condition. On being informed that there was, Mr. S. told the doctor to keep the boy at the institute, and send the bill for all expenses to him at Washington, where he was then going.

"Such was the simple, humane character of Governor Stephens. Above the congratulations and compliments of Georgia's distinguished citizens, he placed the relief and comfort of that poor crippled negro boy; and yet he performed this mission of mercy so quietly and secretly that it has remained hidden from the public gaze until this most fitting moment. Now that the great and generous heart is still and pulseless, this noble deed of charity and love, like hundreds of others yet to be disclosed, may with appropriateness be laid upon his bier. He was a great man because he was a good man—a complete character."

Mr. J. C. Dunlap followed in some appropriate and earnest remarks, not reported.

The Executive Invitation.

ATLANTA, GA., March 5th, 1883.

WHEREAS, In the death of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of Georgia, the State has not only lost an illustrious citizen and chief magistrate, but the country at large has been deprived of one of the most venerated and distinguished statesmen and philanthropists of the age, and it is fitting that the fullest measure of respect should be paid to the memory of the deceased.

The Governor of the State and a committee of citizens and of the General Assembly respectfully invite the citizens and officials of the State, members of the Legislature, judicial officers, county officials, civil, military, trade and other organizations of the State, and all classes and denominations, to attend the funeral obsequies of the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, at three o'clock P. M., Thursday, March 8th, 1883, in Atlanta.

And the same day is set apart for general memorial services in this State, in memory of Governor Stephens, and the people are requested to observe the same.

JAMES S. BOYNTON, *Governor*.

By the Governor:

I. W. AVERY, *Sec'y Executive Department*.

Upon the suggestion of Hon. Patrick Walsh, in the committee, the Governor issued the following order:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE OF GEORGIA,

ATLANTA, March 6th, 1883.

By James S. Boynton, Governor of said State:

In respect to the memory of the venerated citizen of Georgia, Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, who died while occupying the executive chair of the State; in recognition of his illustrious public

character and services, and in deference to the sentiment of the people, I, James S. Boynton, Governor of said State, do hereby set apart and appoint Thursday, the 8th day of March instant, the day designated for his burial, as a day of fasting and prayer and a memorial day, in honor of our deceased executive.

And I do earnestly recommend that all the people of the State do assemble in their places of worship, and, with such other observances as they may deem fit, that they unite in the funeral obsequies of the great dead.

Given at the executive office in Atlanta, this 6th day of March, 1883, and of the independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and seventh.

JAMES S. BOYNTON, *Governor.*

By the Governor :

I. W. AVERY, *Sec'y Executive Department.*

From the Governor of South Carolina.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, COLUMBIA, S. C., March 5.

To the Governor of Georgia:

There is the most profound sorrow amongst the people of South Carolina for the irreparable loss which Georgia and the country have sustained in the death of Governor Stephens.

HUGH S. THOMPSON, *Governor.*

Lying in State.

On Tuesday morning at half-past nine, the casket containing the remains of Governor Stephens was placed in a hearse and carried to the capitol under the escort of the Governor's staff. The casket was placed in the Senate Chamber on a catafalque, directly in front of the President's stand.

The body was under the charge of Colonel J. F. Burke, of Atlanta; Colonel William M. Sneed, of Savannah; Colonel J. S. Candler, of Atlanta; Colonel G. Gunby Jones, of Columbus; Colonel L. C. Jones, of Atlanta; Colonel Wike, of Cartersville; Colonel John Milledge, of Atlanta; and Colonel John C. Printup, of Rome, of the Governor's staff.

The Senate Chamber was appropriately decorated. There was a profusion of flowers, and the chamber was filled with their delicate fragrance. They covered six tables that lined the aisle leading to the casket, and were placed in profusion upon the president's stand. The roller-chair was covered with them, and upon the casket rested a tiny bunch of hyacinths, placed there by a little son of Mr. John Stephens. The outside of the building was almost enveloped in the sombre drapery, while the stair-railing up to the last round was covered with the white and black that tell of sorrow. The columns, chandeliers, drapery, etc., were covered with the drapery. In the Senate Chamber the crape hung in festoons from the corners and sides of the room, and united at the chandelier in the centre. Above the speaker's stand was a floral arch bearing the words: "A Nation's Loss." The letters were of white flowers on a black ground, with a border of flowers. Around the president's stand was a drapery of crape, and at each corner a calla lily. Beneath the floral arch was Mr. Bradley's painting of Mr. Stephens, underneath which was the little poem by Mrs. Bryan. On one side of the stand was a floral star, and on the other a floral ship with the mast broken. In front of the stand was a large floral anchor, and leaning against the casket was a floral coat-of-arms of the State. The roller-chair

was beside the casket. To the right was an oil painting of Mr. Stephens, made many years ago. The blinds of the chamber were kept closed and the gas burning, thus heightening the effect and throwing a softness over the scene, which was deeply impressive. The crape, the casket, the sad faces, the flowers doing their sad duty, the slow-moving and voiceless crowds that came and went, the knowledge that in the casket lay one dear to all Georgians, filled everyone with a feeling of deep reverence and solemnity.

Mayor's Proclamation.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
ATLANTA, GA., March 8, 1883.

In recognition of the distinguished career and eminent virtues and services of the late Governor Alexander H. Stephens, deceased, all the people of Atlanta are hereby respectfully requested to attend the funeral ceremonies to-day, and to suspend business, especially during the afternoon. J. B. GOODWIN, *Mayor*.

The Morning of the Funeral Day.

The hall of the House of Representatives was packed by nine o'clock, although the services did not begin until half-past ten. The desks had been taken out, thus adding vastly to the capacity of the hall, and every foot of the floor was covered. The galleries were packed almost to suffocation.

At half-past ten, promptly, the committee, with the speakers, headed by Senator Colquitt, walked down the aisle and took seats reserved for them near the speaker's stand.

Arising, amid perfect silence, Senator Colquitt called the meeting to order by saying:

"Let us have perfect silence. The simple services of this hour will be opened with prayer by Dr. Adams, of Augusta."

Dr. Adams, in a voice full of emotion, prayed as follows :

"Let us pray. Oh, Thou infinite, wise, and good and holy Being, we invoke Thy presence and blessings at this time. We pray Thee to tranquilize our minds and to influence our hearts. Give us love for Thee; give us a recognition of Thee. Help us to consent to Thy will and to accept the ways of Thy providence, and so fit us to-day for the duties that lie before us. And grant that throughout the whole of the proceedings of this day we may remember our own liabilities, our individual responsibilities, our obligations to them, the claim Thou hast upon ourselves and upon our services, and, emulating all that is good in others, aim at that high avocation and that entire consecration of all our powers to Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, amen."

Senator Colquitt then said :

"Fellow-citizens : We assemble to-day in the presence and under the weight of a great sorrow. A great light has been extinguished; no, not extinguished, but only removed and fixed in a higher and purer atmosphere. The illustrious man, who in the sublimity of his repose lies in this capitol to-day, needs no word of ours to exalt his fame. A life distinguished by its usefulness, by its sufferings, by its triumphs, leaves nothing for the eulogist, and asks only for the office of the chronicler.

"We come together as friends, as neighbors, as citizens, to speak of our loss, to recall his virtues and pour out our tears, and to solace our griefs by expressions of sympathy in this common calamity. Make every allowance for exaggerations and the fondness of, our love—for the fervid ascription which we make in the fresh hours of our grief—for the pride we feel as Georgians in this eminent, and now deceased, man, and then who can say where is to be found his equal in all the bright roll of the great names of all these States? Beginning life in poverty, circumscribed by a weak frame and a sickly body, which superadded a sensitiveness of double agony to his sufferings, this poor and delicate boy over-

came every obstacle, mounted step by step every one of the rounds in the ladder of fame, and achieved an eminence that makes us as Georgians proud to-day, while Georgia and all Georgians bend over his grave with sorrow and with tears. What fame, what fortune, has he left us to treasure and to cherish!

"To the appointed orators of this occasion I leave the discussion of his characteristics, while I beg you to observe, with that solemnity becoming this occasion, all that may be said in honor of his name.

"There was a committee appointed upon the part of the citizens of this State to draft suitable resolutions. That committee is now ready to report, and I ask that the resolutions be read."

General Gordon said :

"MR. CHAIRMAN: The committee appointed to draft suitable resolutions on the occasion of the death of Georgia's illustrious Governor, in their effort to select special features for commendation, have been almost embarrassed by the very multitude and variety of the materials before them. *Totus terres rotundus* was the description given by a classic author of a model of supreme excellence in another sphere. No life, no character in modern times more deserves such a tribute, for none were more completely full and rounded than is the life and character of Alexander H. Stephens. Indeed, sir, his whole life, from boyhood to old age, is like some majestic globe, which, as you turn it, reveals with each revolution some new phase of beauty or feature of excellence to enlist our love and enchain our admiration.

"It will be true of him, sir, I think, as of few men who have ever lived in any age or any country, that his fame and the appreciation of his services will increase rather than diminish as the years roll on. The closer the scrutiny, the more searching the inquiry into his private life and public services, the higher will rise the estimation in which future generations will hold him. Standing here, sir, as I do, in the presence of the lifeless form of this man whom I have known from my boyhood, and who, not-

withstanding ephemeral differences which have occurred here and there between us, I have never ceased to love, I feel like exclaiming, in the language of Ames over the dead body of him whose name our friend bore (Alexander Hamilton), that, looking back over his life, and 'penetrated with the remembrance of the man, my heart dissolves within me, and I could pour it out like water.' Rome, sir, bequeathed to the world the name of a man as the symbol and synonym of virtue. Oh, my friends, could not Georgia more justly point to this her most illustrious son, as one whom each and every virtue might claim as its special representative? Your committee, sir, beg leave to submit the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That in the death of Alexander H. Stephens, Georgia has lost her best beloved and foremost citizen, the Union one of its most able and enlightened statesmen, and the world an example of benevolence and humanity.

"Resolved, That his catholic sympathies, embracing as they did all classes, colors and conditions—the whole family of man—rendered his life an example for the imitation of ourselves and of those who are to come after us.

"Resolved, That not only with admiration but with astonishment we contemplate his life-long struggle against adverse circumstances, beginning with his career at college and ending only with the repose of the bier. He conquered poverty, debility, disease; and with skill unsurpassed and courage invincible, gathered imperishable honors in almost every sphere of intellectual activity, and fell at last a hero in full panoply, on the field of his fame, at the post of duty.

"Resolved, That the readiness with which he broke with political parties, when in his judgment they had wandered from the constitution of his country, and his brave support of the rights and privileges, as he conceived them, of all citizens, whether colored or of his own race, native or foreign born, illustrated his courage of conviction, which never failed him, and which was worthy the emulation of the young men of the State and country.

"Resolved, finally, That while we do not present Mr. Stephens as infallible, we do point with sincere pride to the many-sided

intellect of this remarkable man ; to his vast and various acquirements, all disciplined to usefulness and sanctified by the virtue of every-day Christian life ; to his pre-eminence everywhere, in speculative as well as practical life ; at the bar, on the hustings, in statesmanship, in the wider field of letters—rendering him a match for the mightiest, an all-accomplished man.

“His fame will take care of itself. He built his own monument in the heart of every Georgian, and his name will be canonized at the hearthstone of every home in his own State.”

Senator Colquitt then presented Judge Martin J. Crawford.

“Again is Georgia called to the house of mourning. The reaper goes forth, and one after another is harvested unto death. Omitting the carnival of blood from 1861 to 1865, how often have we been called since those dark days to grieve over our first and foremost men.

“We have stood and wept over the grave of the great Cobb, whose mighty brain and loving heart not only commanded the admiration, but won the affection of all who fell within the range of their influence. Johnson, too, the grand old Georgian who shed honor upon his native State, has passed away. Benning, the incorruptible and able judge, the gallant leader of a brigade in Longstreet’s bloody corps, and who followed the plume of that great captain for four long, weary years—he, too, has been called away. Chappell, one of the noblest and purest of his race, sleeps his last sleep in the soil of the State he so long served and loved so well. Stephens, the younger, though he died in manhood’s prime, has given himself an honored name and place with the great judges who in the past gave such grandeur to the Georgia bench. It was but yesterday that Warner, one of the most honored of those upon whom Georgia ever placed the ermine, fell asleep among you, and upon that great judge we shall never look again.

“Of course I need not remind this people that the evidences of Georgia’s grief and the republic’s sorrow have scarcely disappeared

over the new-made grave of Benjamin Harvey Hill. Whilst your sorrow for him still lingers, and there is yet a silent sadness in all hearts over his untimely death, yet we know that time and pressing events will gradually heal this wound in your breasts; but we can't forget that there is one widowed heart which will continue to bleed and suffer while memory lasts, and no response can ever come to the names of husband and father from his last resting place on yonder hill.

"And now again are we surrounded with new evidences of mourning. After the midnight watch of Saturday last had marked the time, and when this mighty city of struggling life and unceasing activity had been hushed into silence, and just before the

" 'Morn, waked by the circling hours,
With rosy hands unbarred the gates of light,'

the heart of another great Georgian ceased its weary throbbings, and the spirit winged its way to its eternal home to join the mother whose image was ever present with him during his long and eventful life. The death of Governor Stephens was no surprise to him; he had grappled with it a thousand times before, and never feared to face its grim presence, because he had lived for death as well as life.

"Upon one occasion he said to me, 'How singular it is that all the important events of my life cluster about the anniversary of my birth.' 'Twas upon the day that he was chosen Vice-President of the Confederate States. And he further said, 'It would not surprise me if my death should come about that period of time.' And so it did; about a fortnight only had he passed beyond that day.

"But it is not of his public life to which I would invite your thoughts. My knowledge of him went into his private chamber, where the statesman and orator were laid aside, and his mind and thought were thrown wide open to my view. It was there, and there only, that the man's great heart was seen and felt and known. Often has he recounted to me the story of his early struggle, his ambition, his hopes and his success. He knew that the true

measure of a man was what he made himself, by the aids that providence and religion bestowed upon him ; this truth he realized, and saw that circumstances were but plastic elements for human will to mould into immortal form. Knowing this, the chart of life which he chose to guide him to a bright manhood may thus be stated :

“ ‘ Put out thy talents to their use,
Lay nothing by to rust ;
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn,
And innocence thy trust.

‘ Rise to thy proper place in life,
Trample upon all sin ;
But still the gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.

‘ So live in faith and noble deed,
Till earth returns to earth—
So live that men may mark the time
That gave such mortal birth.’

How faithfully and how well has he kept along this line of life ! His whole time has been employed in using his talents for the good of his country and his race—nothing has he laid aside to rust. For nearly a half century he has been a man of constant and unremitting labor ; it gave him fame and gave him money. The former he has left to his country, but the latter—where has all that gone ? The answer might well be made by thousands who have shared with him the money which he made. He gave them shelter, food and raiment, when there was no other hand to help. And again so might an answer come from more than a hundred of those whose minds have been stored with useful knowledge by his timely aid. He administered his estate himself, and his heirs may be found everywhere along his path of life.

“Has he not also risen to his proper place in life ? Look at his successful professional career, his brilliant legislative service ; these alone would be sufficient to stamp him one of earth’s brightest minds. But these were only the first steps to that greatness which

nearly forty years of congressional life added to his intellectual stature. He stood there, as he did everywhere, the peer of the brightest and the best. He was the pride of his party and the State. He was the Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, who was the great object of attraction and admiration to all who visited the national capital. He had more friends and fewer enemies than any great leader ever had. His opinions were sought after, because his judgment was so unerring. During his long period of public service, not a breath of suspicion ever rested upon his fair name. Honest and earnest in his convictions, he labored for their success, never denying to others the right which he claimed for himself—to think and act as to them seemed best. Whatever may have been the differences of opinion between himself and others, his loyalty to truth and right was never questioned.

“True again to his chart of life, he has so lived in faith and noble deed that men have marked the time that gave him birth. Taking his life from its beginning to its end, who can say that it was possible for any one to have done more for his country and his race than he has done. It has been one of toil and pain, and most of his hardest years of labor he has done when his bed and roller-chair were his indispensable and only help. Yet, who of all his friends can say that they ever heard one murmur escape his lips because of his afflictions.

“When we have looked at his delicate form in life, and listened to his words of wisdom in conversation or in speech, we could but exclaim, what a wonderful man is this! Feeble though he was, he has given his life to labor—not so much for himself as for others; and but recently, finding his means too limited to meet the demands upon his charity, even after meagerly supplying his own wants, his regret was not so much for himself as it was for those whom he could not help. But his work is done, his labor is ended, and he is to be buried out of our sight forever. No more again shall we ever see that bright and piercing eye—that pallid and wasted form. That free heart will throb no more in sympathy with other suffering hearts; that hand opened so often to alms, is shut forever. But it is pleasant to remember that he lived out

man's allotted time, and passed to his final rest with a painless death.

“ ‘ He sat as sets the morning star,
Which goes not down behind the darkened west,
Nor hides obscure amid the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the very light of heaven.’ ”

General Robert Toombs then spoke as follows :

“ Fellow-citizens: I come to mingle my tears with those of the people of Georgia for a great public calamity which has recently befallen them—not to make a eulogy over the body of Alexander H. Stephens. This is not necessary before any audience of his countrymen, anywhere, but especially not necessary or appropriate upon this occasion. His life has been an open book—that book the history of his country for the last half century. There his genius, his patriotism, his public services and patriotic utterances are recorded, as well as upon thousands of hearts in which his private virtues have been embalmed. He was modest, gentle, refined, learned and eloquent, and carried a large heart in his bosom—a heart feeling and suffering for all human wants and human woes. His whole life was spent in the practice of virtue, the pursuit of truth, seeking the good of mankind. Surrounded by early disadvantages, especially physical, which seemed to forbid—absolutely forbid by the hand of God—the work which was before him, yet he halted not, faltered not, feeling that ‘there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.’ ”

“ After graduating from the University of Georgia with its highest honors, with the general verdict of his comrades that they were deserved, he entered upon the business of a teacher and trainer of youth, the vocation of his father—a very excellent and highly respected farmer of Wilkes county, who also supplemented his vocation as a farmer by that of a teacher, and reared a large number of children (of whom Governor Stephens was the eldest) with comfort and respectability. His choice was dictated both by pecuniary necessity and by his fondness for books. After he completed his collegiate education, those who best knew his virtues,

his blameless life and great abilities, were very desirous and urgent that he should enter the sacred desk. His reply was, that God had not called him to that field of labor. He had decided the question before he left the walls of his Alma Mater. He agreed with that great martyr of liberty, Sidney, who declared in his work on government that 'no temporal question was worthy of the human intellect except the well government of the human race.' Upon that field of labor he was always ready to enter when his services were demanded by his country. This was his ideal of the first duty of man to the human race and to God—the sheet anchor of human virtue, of human happiness. His first step in this direction was to study law and be admitted to the bar, which he entered in 1834, under William H. Crawford, then Judge of the Northern circuit, than whom no nobler name is inscribed on the roll of Georgia's worthies—a name which is the synonym of honesty, truth, patriotism and greatness, who, like our illustrious friend, died in the path of duty while attending one of the courts of his circuit.

"Mr. Stephens soon became a leader of the bar of the Northern Circuit. His advent to the bar was an acknowledged success. It was no small distinction so soon to become a leader among such men. Among the names of the practicing lawyers at that time may be found that of Joseph Henry Lumpkin, our late Chief-Justice—certainly one of, if not the most, eloquent men and best lawyers that ever appeared at the Georgia bar, being also one of the best men that ever served the State of Georgia; Francis H. Cone, a great thinker, lawyer, and afterwards judge of the Ocmulgee Circuit; George R. Gilmer, Judge A. B. Longstreet, Judge Nathan Sayr, Judge Garnett Andrews, Senator Dawson, Judge James Thomas, and younger men whose subsequent distinction has shown them foemen worthy of his glittering steel.

"He had been at the bar two years, when the general voice of the people of Taliaferro county called upon him with the cry, 'Your time has come; we need you elsewhere,' and in 1836 they sent him to the Legislature of Georgia, and consecrated him to the public service for life.

“Mr. Stephens entered public life at a marked period in the world’s history—not marked by any advance in political knowledge or the science of government; not in literature; not in art; but in those discoveries and inventions which tend to ameliorate and improve the condition of the human race—to increase national wealth and add to the material comfort and progress of the human race. To this end a kind Providence seemed determined to disclose all of her secrets and to give to mankind the means of ameliorating, if not removing, many of the hindrances to the progress, advance and happiness of the human race. Daguerre has, in this generation, invented the daguerreotype, dispensing in great part with the old masters in the art of painting, and their modern imitators, in transmitting the image of their loved ones to those unable to bear the expense of painted portraits. The old prophet of Judea, whose lips were touched with celestial fire at seeing the forked lightning leap through the rolling clouds, exclaimed: ‘Who can hold the lightning in his hand?’ Professor Morse, a poet and a painter, not a scientist, seized the electric spark and made it obey the will of man. Thus light became our portrait painter and lightning our news-carrier. Previous to these discoveries, the steam engine had been invented, and made our great rivers available to the wants of commerce; but it could supply only to a very limited extent the wants of transportation on land, especially in our new and almost boundless domain, capable of maintaining the surplus population of the whole civilized world. For these purposes the railway was necessary. The wisdom of this generation saw the public wants, and forthwith the inventive genius of the Anglo-Saxon race invented it. Nature seemed determined to unlock her secrets for all of her children in this century, but it needed the collective power and resources of civilized men to utilize them. The State of Georgia promptly accepted her noble gifts and adopted a system of railroad improvements marked by wonderful wisdom and foresight in the then state of knowledge on that subject. She determined to charter three great roads, the Georgia Railroad Company, opening the port of Charleston, through the South Carolina roads, to her commerce; the Central Railroad, opening the port of Savan-

nah to her citizens, and a road to connect with the Alabama roads to the Gulf of Mexico. She did not intend to confine these benefits to herself. She looked beyond her own borders, and extended fraternal relations to her co-terminus sister States. But her system was incomplete. The Cherokee Indians, by the want of good faith in the Federal Government to her treaty of 1802, still occupied a large portion of her territory, cutting her off from Tennessee and the West, in 1833, when the roads were chartered. But by the treaty of New Echota made in 1836, the Indian title to all the lands within her limits was extinguished. It was necessary to extend her system to the Tennessee river. There were but few white men and but little wealth in that country; therefore, she determined to appropriate from the public purse money to build the grand trunk to open the great West to her commerce and her people. The measure came before the Legislature in 1836. Mr. Stephens entered the Legislature from Taliaferro County that session. He was without what men call special knowledge on that subject—a young man and a young legislator—but with a mind well stored with all the knowledge of the day upon that subject, and was ready for any and every duty demanded of him. The Legislature was much divided upon the question. The measure was necessary to complete our system. If it failed, our connection with the Tennessee river, the Mississippi river, and the great Southern Sea, as the charter of Georgia called it, would be delayed, retarded, and left to the future. He stood for the bill. It passed after a great struggle, and the young member from Taliaferro became a marked man among Georgia statesmen. He served in the House and Senate continuously (except in 1841) until in 1843 he was elected to the 38th Congress of the U. S. At his first session a bill came before the House of Representatives to aid Professor Morse to test his experiment by building a telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. He supported it, it was carried, and the work was finished in 1844. It was a success, and distance and time were annihilated as to the postal service on land. The next question on this subject which came before Congress was the practicability of making communication by the cable under the

Atlantic to England. Some of the most scientific men in both England and America opposed it on the ground that it was impossible. He supported the bill for appropriating the money ; it was carried ; the project was a success, and to-day messages can be sent around the world in as little time as it will take to write them. These great acts of his life mark his prescience if not his science.

“Mr. Stephens was not always successful in his political struggles. He sometimes differed with his constituents—even with his best and most valued friends ; but, holding strong and earnest convictions, he would yield them to no one. He met defeat, when it came upon him, with calmness and fortitude—without passion or reproaches upon his opponents. He was one of the few men I have ever known who could lose public support without the loss of public confidence. I will illustrate this trait of his character by some examples.

“In the Presidential election of 1859, he ran on the Douglass and Johnson ticket for President and Vice-President of the United States. His ticket was largely defeated by the popular vote. The Legislature of Georgia soon after called a convention of the people to consider the great questions of secession and Union. He was returned from Taliaferro county as a Union delegate. The questions were earnestly debated, feeling ran high, and the convention voted for secession and against Mr. Stephens. That body, the day the question was decided, called a congress at Montgomery to meet the rest of the seceding States, and to provide for the establishment and maintenance of a new government. The districts were to present candidates to be elected by the convention to that congress. The Eighth Congressional District, although with a large majority against him, presented his name as a proper person to represent it. He was elected by the convention, took his seat in the congress, supported with fidelity and honor the new government, was elected without opposition as Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, and stood by it until it fell by the fortunes of war, and until he was incarcerated by the public enemy in Fort Warren.

“Another marked event in his life well illustrates this remarkable feature in his character. When he was defeated for the

United States Senate by General Gordon, he was requested by some of his friends not to abandon the service of his country, but to stand for Congress in his old district. A convention to nominate his successor had already been called. The convention was divided among several eminent citizens of the district. Upon the announcement that he would stand for its representation, all the other gentlemen retired, and he was elected as representative of his old district in Congress without opposition, and continued to do so until the people called him to the Executive chair, which he filled until death called him to rest. Under these reverses he pursued the even tenor of his way, without malice or reproaches to any, with good will to all, and, above all, with unfaltering devotion to his country and her cause, whether in triumph or defeat, and left behind him 'one of the few immortal names that were not born to die.'

"Such was his public life. His private life was a model of simplicity, purity, love and affection to his family and friends and to the human race, especially for the poor. Even the most wicked of the human race could not put themselves beyond his pity and his charity. His literary works, especially his history of 'The War Between the States,' will be a monument to his genius as long as the English language is spoken.

"His end was in grand and beautiful harmony with his life. Death had no sting, the grave no victory, when his great and noble spirit gently and noiselessly departed from the frail tenement in which it had dwelt so long in pain and suffering. No king of terrors guarded the portals of its exit to the regions of immortal rest.

"'Earth's highest honors end in here he lies,
And dust to dust concludes her noblest song.'"

Senator Joseph E. Brown was then introduced by Senator Colquitt. He said:

"MR. CHAIRMAN: For more than forty years, Alexander H. Stephens has been a prominent figure in connection with the political and business interests and social system of Georgia. During

this long period of his distinguished services, in which his great powers and his mental ability have been so signally displayed, his name has been a household word, not only in Georgia, but in every State in the Union. Indeed, it has not been confined to the Union. He was well known in foreign lands as one of the great leading minds of America. No name has been longer or better known in public life, or more universally honored, than the name of the great Commoner whose sad demise we meet to mourn.

“On account of the shortness of the time that can properly be occupied by the large number of gentlemen who have been invited to make remarks on this sad occasion, on the virtues of the deceased, it would be unbecoming in me to make an elaborate address, or to attempt to give a biographical sketch of our distinguished friend, or to draw even a general outline of his long and most useful career. Whether as attorney at law (a position of great responsibility and usefulness when properly practiced); or as a member of the Legislature of his native State; or as member of Congress, where his services have given him so much renown for so long a time; or as Vice-President of the Confederate States; or as Governor of our own beloved State, he has been the same eloquent and able champion of constitutional liberty, local self-government, and human rights.

“Even in his retirement—which was self-imposed for a time—his literary and historical labors on the same line for the protection of human liberty, have enrolled his name indelibly on a bright page in the temple of fame. His feeble, delicate frame, worn down with disease, after a long struggle succumbed to death; but his gigantic intellect was brilliant and powerful during his whole career. The name of Alexander H. Stephens can never die as long as liberty dwells on earth, and intellect and virtue are honored by the good and the great. He was emphatically a good man as well as a great man. His sympathy was as extensive as the miseries of his race. He was always ready to minister consolation in every case of distress, and relief to the extent of his ability in every case of need. His life was devoted to the pleasure and welfare of others. He was the ardent friend of education, and did

more than any other man who has lived in Georgia for the education of young men in need of assistance. But such was his modesty, that even his most intimate friends seldom heard him speak of what he was doing or suffering for others.

"He has left behind him a spotless character. He has blessed the generation in which he lived with a noble example. He has been, in the highest sense of the term, a public benefactor. His great intellectuality, his distinguished patriotism, his acknowledged statesmanship, his profound philosophy, his accurate knowledge of human nature, his keen penetration into the future, his wisdom in council, his fidelity to principle and to friendship, his philanthropy, his sympathy with the poor, his relief of the needy, and his universal Christian charity, are qualities more to be desired, decorations of human character of greater value, than all the wealth of Cræsus or the glitter of the royal diadem, emblem of absolutism, which sparkles upon the brow of the Czar of all the Russias.

"But our friend, true and cherished—the friend of his race—so patient in his suffering and so true to every trust—has been called from his labors, that his works may follow him and that he may enter upon the enjoyments of his everlasting reward. Individually, I feel that my loss is irreparable. For more than a quarter of a century, he had not only borne to me the relation of a friend, but he was my bosom friend. I loved him; I honored him; I conferred freely with him. He was wise, and good, and great. But my loved and honored friend sleeps the long sleep of death, and I am left to mourn his loss. If the proprieties of the occasion permitted, I could not trust myself to enlarge. I feel more like weeping than speaking. Friend, counsellor, companion—he is gone, and I can see him no more in this world!

'He was a man—take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.'

Peace to his ashes! And while his immortal spirit dwells with God who gave it, may perpetual blessings cluster around his honored name!"

General Henry R. Jackson then spoke as follows :

"How profoundly must all of us feel the impotence of words to voice the sad spirit of the passing hour! A sigh, a sob, a flood of tears—these are the eloquence fit for an occasion like this; and these—are not all of us prepared to give? There has not been a moment of my waking life since I heard that he was dead, when I could not have burst into tears like a woman, or failed to feel that I need not blush to weep. With astonishment I have asked myself, What is the meaning of this? What relationship bound you to the dead to account for this? That, for many years past, Mr. Stephens has been to me a special admiration is known to all who know me well. But we do not weep for those we simply admire. When they perish, the world may grow darker indeed, but we do not feel so lonesome in it. How, then, am I to account for this?

"Oh! that 'speech in Savannah,' just referred to by General Toombs! God only knows how grateful I was to Dr. Miller for the few words which indicated that his journey did not cause his death. Probably I was most instrumental in getting him thither, and meet it is that I should come to lay my garland, humble though it be, upon his bier.

"Mr. Chairman, permit me to say, the presence of that wonderful and phenomenal man in Savannah came like a revelation to her people, and left a seal deep upon her which will rest there forever. No reaper ever gathered sheaves of grain as he gathered sheaves of hearts. But still the question recurs, 'How came this to be so? What was there in the man that thus caused human hearts to swarm to him, as the bees of Hymettus swarmed to the honeyed lips of the fabled singer?' Let us, for one moment, reflect! I ask the most enlightened thinker of us all—what is most God-like in its power—what in rhetoric, what in poetry, what in thought—nay, what in history, what in the world of action—what is it that has the most God-like power to concentrate human contemplation?—to quicken and fasten human affection? Ascend, if you please, through the telescope, far up into the infinite; descend, through the microscope, far down into the infinitesimal;

behold! contrast is the compass that spans the universe of God—contrast is the compass that measures the civilization of man. Lo! a God from heaven nailed to the wooden cross of earth! Contrast is the figure which Omnipotence itself has used to rouse and win the love of mankind. And in whom among the living—nay, in whom among the dead—has contrast ever so deeply enthroned herself as in the man whom Georgia mourns to-day? Let those who stand at a distance suspect or prate, if they please, of exaggeration. We, who knew *him*, know that here exaggeration is simply impossible. What figure strong enough to illustrate the truth?—a condor emerging from the egg of a dove; the pyramid of Cheops balanced upon a schoolboy's marble; the geni escaping from the Arabic casket to eclipse, with its stupendous development, the sun in heaven? Nay! let the imagination loose—give to her the wildest of eagle's wings—she *cannot* exaggerate. Behold the poor, frail, emaciated physical frame! Helpless—almost as helpless as an infant in its swaddling clothes—and then see the mental and moral development rising from it,

“ ‘ Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
 Though rolling clouds around its breast are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

“ Evoke from history, if you please, the grandest of her heroes—her Alexanders, her Cæsars, her Bonapartes—rest assured that in the comparison he will triumph. Circumstance, the king-maker, fought for them; circumstance, the man-destroyer, warred against him. Who among us that observes, who among us that reflects, is not aware that, with the representative man, chronic disease, continuous pain, the perpetual consciousness that death may be near, concentrate thought and emotion on self, capture the noblest exemplars of our common humanity, and rivet them down to the very dust of self? But how was it with him? The more he suffered himself, the more he strove to relieve the suffering of others. Every pang that struck at his vitals but sowed the seed of a grander charity. Heroic conqueror of self and circumstance! to whom can we fitly apply the term God-like, if not to him?

"And so he came to Savannah with the serene light of heaven already in his eye. Our people swarmed about him as he moved along our streets. The high, the humble, the learned, the ignorant—all ages, all colors—followed him, lord as he was of the universal heart. From home to home he went, repelling no invitation which by possibility he could accept. Weak and suffering, he gave himself to the pleasure of others. Last of all he came to us. Memorable day! Who of us can ever forget it? Richard was all himself again. There was the feeble ring of the old clarion-like voice which years before had charmed me as never had charmer charmed so wisely. There was the same weird light of the wonderful eye as he recalled the memories of the past. Conversation was directed to eloquence, and how eloquently did he recount his own experience of eloquent men. From Webster, of the North, he came to the giants of Georgia history; Titan-like Toombs, hurling his Hamilcar bolt against the foes of his country; impassioned Lumpkin, with tornado-like eloquence—rain, sleet, hail, whirlwind, all mingled together—sweeping everything before it; the classic Berrien; the Apollo-like Forsyth; and, looming up in the remoter distance, the Alpine intellect of Crawford. Oh, what a feast of reason! what a flow of soul! When there was a pause, I said to him: 'Governor, you have given us the great men who figure in Georgia history: tell us something now about your tramp.'* The sweet smile that played athwart his lips, what words

*NOTE.—Ideal creations have rarely been so touching as the incident which suggested this inquiry. When Mr. Stephens had entered the Pulman Palace Car which was to convey him to Atlanta several days before his inauguration, with the committee of distinguished gentlemen who had come to escort him, an individual whose peculiar appearance failed to harmonize with the party or the occasion, soon attracted general attention. Mr. Stephens' servant, being interrogated upon the subject, enlightened the curious by saying: "That is Mars Alec's tramp," and explained the singularity of the thing by the further observation: "Mars Alec is kinder to dogs than most people is to folks."

When the Governor elect was himself questioned in regard to the questionable stranger, he replied with the utmost simplicity: "He is a poor fellow who has nothing, and wants to get work. I had no employment for him here, and so I told him to come along with me to Atlanta, and I would see what I could do for him there."

The Bishop Bienvenu, of "Les Misérables," is the loveliest, as well as the grandest, *myth* of Victor Hugo's transcendent imagination. Are we sure that a *reality*, quite as grand, quite as lovely, has not sprung from the bosom of our own State? giving to many of us the ennobling right of being able to say: "*Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu près d'elle!*"

can ever express? And the eloquence of a practical life—how it beggars the tongue of man! If ever human words did express it, they came from his own humble servant: ‘Mars Alec is kinder to dogs than most people is to folks.’ What Demosthenian or Ciceronian lips have ever formulated such an eulogium?

“‘Governor,’ one of us said, ‘we hear that you have a room at Liberty Hall for tramps.’ ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘I feel it my duty to try to make everybody as happy as I can.’ We saw the tips of the angel wings. We realized that an angel had blessed our house, and we felt—oh, how profoundly!—that everywhere the lines over which those wheels had rolled were holy—that no Georgian could cross them with a base thought in his head, or a mean, malignant feeling in his heart, without becoming a traitor to the mother earth which gave that frail, attenuated form to the breathing world, and is now about to hug it back to herself again.”

Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D., then delivered the following address:

“MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Again has the Angel of Death descended and borne aloft the Chief Executive of this Commonwealth, his tenure of office unfulfilled, the duties of his high station still claiming his attention. The occurrence is most marked, the visitation calamitous, the bereavement all pervading.

His Excellency Governor Alexander Hamilton Stephens is dead. The astute lawyer, the eloquent advocate, the philosophical statesman, the reliable historian, the sage counsellor, the generous bene-

The remark of the servant recalls an Oriental Tradition of the Rabbis: “Once upon a time, when Divine Pity in human guise walked the earth, in the bazaar of an Eastern city a group were gathered about the carcass of a dog which had been hanged for stealing; the rope about his neck indicating the cause of death and mode of punishment. The gaunt, foul brute lay festering in the sun; the shrivelled jaws exposing the glistening fangs. “Vile beast,” said one; “he well deserved his fate.” “Away with the unclean thing,” cried another. And some hurled stones, and some abusive epithets upon the mangey thief. Suddenly a dead silence fell upon the rabble, for amongst them stood a man in humble garb but of noble and majestic presence, who, fixing his benign glance upon the strangled brute, said: “*Pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth.*” Then they, ashamed, shrank away one by one, and the Elders whispered among themselves: “*Surely this must be Jesus of Nazareth who can find something good even in a dead dog.*”

factor, the loyal citizen, and the Christian gentleman, has fallen on sleep. A nation mourns the demise of this great and virtuous man who, during a long life, served the Republic well, and in departing bequeathed no legacy save such as is redolent of honor, probity, purity, and genuine moral excellence.

“ The death of those distinguish’d by their station,
But by their virtue more, awakes the mind
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe.”

And what, my fellow-citizens, can I add to the manifest lesson of the hour, or say in the immediate presence of the dead? In the attempt even feebly to recount the fame and the virtues of this distinguished Georgian, I find myself, in the language of the eloquent Bossuet when pronouncing his splendid eulogy upon the Prince of Conde, overwhelmed by the greatness of the theme and the needlessness of the task. Is there a hamlet within the wide borders of this land in which his name is not a household word? Beats there a heart in this vast audience that does not bear willing testimony to his amiable qualities, sterling worth, and conspicuous ability? Everywhere are his noble characteristics, his labors, and his achievements rehearsed. In extolling them we can give no information even to strangers; and, although I may remind you of them, anything I could now say would be anticipated by your thoughts, and I should suffer the reproach of falling far below them. While it is true that

. . . ‘The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony,’

more potent by far are the lessons inculcated by consistent lives and the legacies bequeathed by deathless examples. Some men there are—would to God their name was legion!—whose walk and conversation are sermons, and whose characters are in themselves divine songs. Our Governor in yielding up his spirit made no sign, uttered no last injunction, expressed no final wish; but he lived ever mindful of death, and so ordered his affairs that when summoned to enter upon the *iter tenebriosum*, he went forth unfalteringly, with his lamp trimmed and burning.

Having attained unto the full measure of his days, crowned with the highest honors Georgia could bestow, secure in the confidence, esteem, and affection of his people, and in the active discharge of the most illustrious duties enjoined by the Commonwealth, he has gone down in the forefront of the grand battle of life.

It is a brave thing thus to die in harness, and, without pause in the energetic, conscientious performance of the highest obligations, to pass, in the twinkling of an eye, from the field of dignified labor to the regions of beatific rest.

'Thank God, I have done my duty!' were the last words of the gallant Nelson, as amid the thunders and carnage of the battle of Trafalgar, and in the moment of assured victory, he rendered up his heroic life to his Country and Creator. He died as a leader of armies and navies loves best to die—with his stars upon him and with the shouts of triumph ringing in his ear. Not less noble, not less impressive, is the death of the civilian who, in the midst of weighty affairs, clothed in the mantle of high office, and instant in the fulfilment of important engagements, encounters the last enemy. There is something manly, something excellent, something worthy of all admiration in the conduct of our Executive during his supreme moments. *Died in the service of the Commonwealth*—be this his proud epitaph. Here, in the presence of so much that is ennobling in the past, bury we our present griefs.

At the outset, with slender means, and born with circumscribed hopes, he has shown to the present and the coming generations what may be compassed by industry, application, consecuity of purpose, unswerving integrity, and true manhood. Without the adjuvatives of birth and fortune, he achieved success most enviable, carved for himself a name respected and revered throughout the broad limits of this State and Confederation, and acquired a reputation not unknown in foreign lands. Around the bier of the orphan boy of Taliaferro county—but yesterday an old man famous and venerated—a nation weeps; and 'Liberty Hall,' hallowed by his struggles and his triumphs, his charities and his labors, has long been classed among the noted homes of American statesmen and scholars.

death are those delicate fingers now, but the lines which they have traced will endure for the edification of the coming ages and for the vindication of truth.

Long will he be held in grateful and affectionate remembrance for his vigorous intellect—for his honest, enlightened, philosophical statesmanship—for an independence of thought and action which nothing could shake—for a bravery of heart which neither threat nor opposition could intimidate—for private and official integrity incapable of corruption—for a philanthropy which far transcended his means—for a love of Country and State which amounted to a devotion ever present and loyal—for a purity of character most remarkable—for an energy and intellectual activity tasking to the utmost his greatest powers—and for religious and moral rectitude as spotless as mortals may claim.

In the catalogue of worthies, living and dead, who are numbered among the sons of this grand Commonwealth, none may be named more illustrious than he who but yesterday rested from his important labors and entered into peace.

‘His twelve long hours
Bright to the edge of darkness; then the calm
Repose of twilight and a crown of stars.’

And now in the presence of him,* the Founder of the colony of Georgia, who located her primal settlements, propitiated the savages, by force of arms hurled back the Spanish invader, and in wisdom paved the way for the development of a few into a mighty nation—in the presence of him,† who, in his zeal for the fair fame of Georgia, called down fire from heaven to purge the public records from every trace of fraud—in the presence of him,‡ who, in brave maintenance of State Rights, proclaimed to the President of this Union, ‘The argument is exhausted, we will stand by our arms’—in the presence of all these worthies, whose portraits dignify the walls of this Representative Chamber—in your presence, my fellow-citizens, upon whom the government and the honor of

* Gen. Oglethorpe. † Gov. James Jackson. ‡ Gov. Geo. M. Troup.

the Commonwealth now devolve, and by your permission, I make bold to affirm that when the images of all the living and the dead who are illustrating, and who have illustrated Georgia by noble deeds and virtuous lives, are lifted up in that Pantheon where Truth has fixed her eternal home, no statue will there appear purer, brighter, or more illustrious than that of ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS."

Dr. H. V. M. Miller was then introduced, and spoke as follows :

"When the greatest character in all antiquity was brought to his last and final illness, in the chamber in which he lay some of his friends were commenting upon his career, the history of his life, and endeavoring to fix upon that act or series of acts upon which his future fame would rest. Was it this great speech? Was it that successful piece of diplomacy? Was it the building of the Odeon or construction of the Pathenon? Was it any of the great achievements which made his country the first in political influence in that age, and the first in intellectual grandeur of that or any other time? He turned to them and said: 'You have omitted to mention the foundation stone of my fame. It is, that during a long career I have done no act which caused a citizen of Athens to put on mourning.' At first view that would seem but a simple claim to fame—to lasting fame. Men have in all ages admired and been seduced by military glory—the reputation of victories. But, after all, tombs are the trophies of battle-fields; sacked cities, devastated countries, desolated homes, human misery and carnage, the result; famine and pestilence which follow in its train—these mark the career of the conqueror.

"But there is another side to human history. It has been written that 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,' and her trophies are prosperous cities, increasing population, fertile fields, free and untrammelled commerce, universal peace and happiness throughout nations, amongst peoples. In this field Mr. Stephens gained his laurels, and we all know that what Pericles said of himself is equally true of him for whom to-day the Com-

monwealth mourns. No Georgian, no American, by any act of his has had cause to put on mourning; no human heart did he ever cause to be wrung with anguish; no gloom was ever cast over a human soul by a word or a deed of his; no human eye ever dropped a tear because of any failure on his part, or from any cause until to-day, when tears well up unbidden from sympathetic hearts of the whole people in view of their recent bereavement.

“It would be unnecessary to review Mr. Stephens’ history. It is familiar to all who are here; it is familiar to all the State, to all the Union, to the entire civilization of the world. Among the traits of character, however, which earned him his high distinction, I beg to call your attention to the first, perhaps his most eminent characteristic—his majestic wisdom. Wisdom! No man who ever met him but was impressed with it. I do not mean the wisdom which comes from research, however laborious, which he was accustomed to make; I do not mean the wisdom which is exhibited in flippancy of speech or in accidental composition. I mean that higher, deeper wisdom, which constitutes the character of a statesman. The best definition of it in all the world I think we find in holy writ, brief but full. In speaking of certain young men who had followed the standard of David in early life, who became afterwards the supports and pillars of his throne, it is said that they ‘had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do.’ That is the statesmanship which Mr. Stephens possessed in a degree above all other men that I have ever met or of whom I have ever read. He had, in regard to public offices and private affairs, a prescience which was wonderful. His glance into the future, as all know, was Olympian in its scope and clearness. That wisdom was the result, of course, of labor and effort, a long poring over of the subjects which his mind contemplated, but which resided still more, it appears to me, in the genius with which God had endowed him. He had given him the spirit of wisdom, and this spirit so fitted him, so influenced his own mind, that he became, from the very moment of his entrance into public life, a leader among mankind. I do not think there was ever an assembly of men of which he composed one, but what he was the

most distinguished leader. All deferred to his judgment, to his greater knowledge of his subject, and especially to that intuitive perception of the right thing and the fit thing that should be done; and as other men had great confidence in this wisdom, it gave to him another remarkable peculiarity of character—self-reliance and the courage of his opinions. His own great intellect was so well satisfied of the truth of his conclusions, that he rested upon them with an assured confidence which seemed to many obstinacy or vanity. It was neither. It was the conclusion of the greatest intellect of modern times brought to bear upon whatever subject it contemplated. Feeling with security, he seemed obstinate when he was but firm. Besides this, his conclusions were supported by a courage, physical and moral, as great as ever influenced human life or human action. I believe, after life-long acquaintance with him, that Alexander H. Stephens was the bravest man I ever looked in the face. No circumstances could influence his opinion or his judgment extraneous from the rule of reason which he had adopted. He was not only the bravest man by the agreement of all men, but he was a man of the highest integrity, a man absolutely incorruptible, with the highest moral worth of any man I ever saw.

“Now, to these elements of his character, and to the recognition of them, is due the fact that he uniformly led the people of Georgia, and usually the people of the whole United States. They had confidence in his wisdom; they followed intuitively the inspirations of his courage; they knew the purity of his motives, and they followed him in preference to the more specious arguments of others who might have been opposed to him. So often have those conclusions been demonstrated to be correct, even after they had been temporarily disregarded, that the people of this State had come to regard his utterances as the voice of an oracle—not delphic or doubtful, but plain spoken as a revelation from the throne of God. These, it seems to me, were the characteristics of his mind; but they were supported and sustained by an eloquence which was marvelous—marvelous in its effect. Other men may have spoken as learnedly; other men may have reasoned as logically; other

men may have turned paragraphs as handsomely ; but never in Georgia was uttered an eloquence which had the same power upon the hearts and conduct of mankind. As was said of Pericles by Plato, 'Persuasion dwelt upon his lips ;' and who that ever heard him will not admit the truth of this declaration ? His eloquence touched the sentiments, the judgment, and influenced the action of the people. That was its peculiarity. It was not the oratory that elicited admiration alone ; it controlled human action. Like the great oration of Demosthenes, which scholars will recall, at the close of it his countrymen did not break out in the usual applause, but rose as one man and said : 'Let us march against Phillip !' Of all the orators who ever addressed a Georgia audience, none was so potent as Mr. Stephens. He was the most effective orator I ever listened to. As an element of it, I may allude to a peculiarity of his voice. I need not describe it. No human being can imitate it, but you all remember it. That voice is as familiar to the people of Georgia as the note of the melodious feathered songster of the Southern forests, and fell not alone on the organ of hearing, but thrilled through every fibre of soul and body like an electric current.

"Another trait of his character which I wish to mention has already been alluded to, and that is his benevolence and universal charity. The monuments of his beneficence, like the monuments of his statesmanship, are all over the land. They might be brought up in individual instances, for there is hardly a community in the State, hardly a neighborhood, where there does not dwell a recipient of his bounty ; where there are not living monuments of that benevolence which was as extensive as his means, and when these failed his brain itself was commuted into ducats to supply the deficiency.

"But then, outside of this mere charity—who that ever knew him has not been impressed with the kindliness and gentleness of his manner. How indescribable is that genial influence which he shed upon all visitors who approached him ! How well adapted to the character, and circumstances, and feelings of each ! With men, how kindly and sympathetic, with the bad as well as with

the good ! Though stern in his sentiments against evil, he never uttered a word of condemnation against the individual wrong-doer. His sympathies covered the just and unjust. His kindliness was the same to all, of every condition, race and color ; and who that ever observed his conduct, and was intimate in his social relations, but has been touched with the peculiar gentleness, the cheerfulness of his demeanor towards ladies who approached him ? He received them so kindly, gently, so politely. I need not enlarge upon it. There are thousands and thousands of them all over the State who never will forget the gentle, thrilling touch of that little hand upon theirs, and the kind tone with which they were received, entertained, or dismissed. And then another feature of his conduct was most striking to those who observed it—his demeanor to children, the peculiarity of it, the kindliness of it—so much like the conduct of Him who long, long ago took little children in his arms and blessed them. Oh ! the thousands of little boys and girls scattered all over the State to-day who have been the recipients of his kindness and courtesy ; and in the years to come old men and old women will remember the gentle touch and the interview they had with the old dying Governor.

“As a part of this, I must very briefly refer to the fact that he has been supposed to let his sympathy with suffering go too far. My dear friends, can you think so ? Can you blame the gentle spirit who loved, even too well, to say to the erring, ‘go and sin no more’ ? Remember, that the last public act of the blessed Savior was the pardon of a criminal.

“Such is the character we mourn to-day. We mourn not the loss—it was inevitable ; or the bereavement—we had long expected it. We mourn the single pang of parting from our guide, our counsellor, our friend, our universal brother ; and Georgia, amid her sadness, draped in the habiliments of mourning, may still proudly say, as the British nobleman did on the death of his bright, promising son, Lord Ossory, clasping his memory to her bosom, that she would not exchange the precious memory of her dead son for any living offspring of any State in this or any other country.”

Senator Colquitt then arose and said :

“ It now remains for us, after the eulogies on this occasion are ended, as Georgians, to speak for ourselves. Those who are in favor of the resolutions that have been read will please rise and stand in silence. (After a pause.) The resolutions are adopted unanimously. We will now receive the benediction.”

Rev. C. A. Evans: “ May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all evermore. Amen.”

The audience was then dismissed.

The Funeral.

At three o'clock, the hour for the funeral services, the casket was closed, and was borne into the hall of the house by the Governor's staff. The funeral party entered the hall led by Senator Colquitt and Mr. Julius L. Brown. Following them came Dr. Jones and Dr. Talmage; then General Evans, Dr. Gwin and other gentlemen. In front of the casket walked Mr. Patterson, the undertaker, bearing in his arms the floral pillow, the offering of the Stephens Hose Company, of Augusta. The casket was placed directly in front of the stand, and the floor of the hall began to fill with those who had been granted seats there. The galleries had long since been filled up.

The choir sang as a voluntary, “ I waited for the Lord,” following which was the opening prayer by the Rev. Clement A. Evans. At the conclusion of General Evans' prayer, the choir sang “How Blest.” The scene was deeply impressive, as the hall, unused to such sweet and solemn sounds, resounded with the music to the beautiful words :

“ How blessed the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest ;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gentle heaves the expiring breast !

“ So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o’er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

“ Life’s duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
‘ How blessed the righteous when he dies.’ ”

Dr. Adams, of Augusta, read a chapter from the Bible, and following him was the funeral discourse by Rev. John Jones, Chaplain of the Senate. Dr. Jones spoke as follows :

2 Sam. iii. 38.—“ Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel ? ” Job v. 26.—“ Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season.”

“ This is an occasion of solemn and tender interest. Mingled emotions are struggling in our hearts. A commonwealth, a nation mourns. Georgia, by her unnumbered representatives, is here to-day to testify her love and sorrow for the most filial, the most consecrated, and, in many respects, the most distinguished of her sons. To her he gave his youth, his manhood, and his mature age. And as we shed our tears and flowers on that precious dust, and hearts become impetuous with emotion and anguish half suppressed, let us pause and be patient, and say, God hath done it. “ He appointeth our bounds, beyond which we cannot pass. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord ! ” Let us first acknowledge the Judge of all the earth, and thus be prepared to bestow an affectionate memorial on the illustrious dead. “ Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel ? ” How appropriate are these words to our departed friend ! The word prince is derived from two words meaning chief-head, indicating personal superiority ; its ap-

plication to hereditary and official position was secondary. The old Saxon word great, in its original sense, indicates magnitude, either material or intellectual, and is used to signify a magnitude that is uncommon and remarkable. Such was Governor Stephens. Among his fellows from youth he was first-head, princeps; among the great men of the nation he was great, uncommon, remarkable. And although we have assembled not to praise, but bury our beloved chief magistrate, it is due to him, to ourselves and to posterity, to crystalize the striking facts and points of his life and character.

As we draw near and observe him in the solemn state of death, he grows with our contemplation. His intellectual and moral proportions are more fully recognized, and we are reminded of some monarch of the forest, beneath whose shadows we reposed in youth, as its lofty branches held communion with the clouds, to us a life-long glory. Yet is our admiration turned to wonder, when the sturdy trunk, after battling with a thousand storms, uprooted by the hurricane, lies prostrate on the earth; then we realize its gigantic limbs and vast dimensions.

We state generally that he had a remarkable character. Character is that which forms individuality. It comprises the intellectual, and especially the moral features. The word character is derived from another which means to mark, to cut, to engrave. As the features designate an individual for beauty or homeliness, so character marks a man for good or evil. Mr. Stephens' noble character was deeply outlined; it was clear-cut, full; it stood out in bold relief; its developments were many. First, he was a live man—wonderfully impressible by nature. With him, scenes, memories, and words were things. Hence his live, retentive memory of principles and facts, of mankind, faces, names, events; hence his live communion with the past, the present, and the future. He was an intensely earnest man. We remark, secondly, that his live earnestness was sustained by amazing energy and tireless industry. Patient in toil, he mastered every subject he touched. He was one of the hardest and most successful workers of the nineteenth century. His intellectual labors were not confined to law and states-

manship. In these, he had few equals on this continent. But he traveled into regions beyond, and made grand conquests in science and history. He was both an accurate and universal scholar. But we remark, thirdly, that his industry was controlled and stimulated by an amazing will-power, another development of his strong character. It was this positive, despotic faculty, the executive power of the soul, that forced his mind to constant, steady action, although often pleading the clogs of a feeble body. It was his will-power, under God, which supported him through so many seasons of death-sicknesses, and enabled him to make a journey of more than three score years and ten in so feeble a vehicle. Oh! what wonders were wrought, and work accomplished in that frail tabernacle of clay. Hence, in the fourth place, his remarkably successful life. Success was the natural, the crowning result of earnestness, industry, and will-power.

The life of Governor Stephens was a golden tissue of grand successes. As a struggling school-boy, he was successful. As a collegian at the State University, he was eminently successful, whether in departments of languages, science, or mathematics, or in the intellectual gladiation of debate. It was my privilege to see him graduate as one of the best scholars of his class in 1832; nearly fifty-one years ago. He was successful as a teacher during a portion of 1832, and all of 1833. After a few months of diligent study, in 1834, he was admitted to the bar. In one year, says his life-long friend, General Toombs, he rose to success and high position. In 1836 he was sent to the Legislature, where he remained until 1842, serving in both houses with the most brilliant success. We are greatly indebted to his influence and eloquence for the construction of the State railroad. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, and continued a member until he resigned in 1859. His reputation became national. He became a leader among great men, eminent for profound statesmanship, able debate, and wise forecast; and for scholarly attainments, was second only to the venerable John Quincy Adams, a student of four score years. Then came his connection with our late Confederacy; his brief imprisonment; his sojourn at Liberty Hall, his cherished

home; then his return to Congress in 1873, where he remained until his election as Governor of Georgia last year, by an overwhelming majority. Thus has his long life been remarkable for its successes.

A question arises, what has been the secret of his successful life? We answer, that in addition to his earnestness, his industry, and will-power, was added the distinguishing feature of his character—his incorruptible integrity. From the strictest rules of honor, truthfulness and justice, he has never swerved. He always held the respect of opponents, and even enemies. Truthful, conscientious and undisguised, all men knew where to find him. Although a candidate for the suffrages of the people, he would not purchase their favor by fawning or duplicity. He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, or Jupiter for his thunder.

In close association with his spotless integrity, we mark wonderful benevolence, tender love of kindred, and uniform sympathy with mankind, yea, even with the brute creation. He was instinct with the most intense humanity. His love to his immediate family was beautiful and tender. His grief at the death of kindred was wonderful and painful to behold. His generosity knew no bounds. He had aided over a hundred young men in securing an education. He was an utter stranger to the emotions of covetousness. His hospitality was princely. His house was the home, the resort of friends and strangers of all classes, condition and color.

Such was Alexander Hamilton Stephens, a prince and a great man in our American Israel. And the universal sorrow for him this day, calls up the great national grief which filled our country at the death of Alexander Hamilton, the friend of Washington. Said his eulogist, the distinguished Dr. John M. Mason: "When Washington died, Hamilton was left. Now that Hamilton is gone, we have no Washington." When Cobb and Johnson and Hill were taken, we had Stephens left. Now that Stephens is taken, we have no Cobb, no Johnson, no Hill.

And is this all the record we can make of our beloved and honored Chief Magistrate? Is there no record on high, as well as below? Has this great light gone out in obscure, perpetual dark-

ness? Has this noble river of love and benevolence been emptied and lost in the ocean of eternity? Shall we not meet again? Yes, thank God! If we trust in the Saviour in whom he trusted, we shall meet in that pure world of tearless joy, where adieus and farewells will be sounds unknown!

Mr. Stephens was the subject of early religious impressions, and a great student of the Bible in early boyhood. He was trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and united with the Presbyterian Church at the age of fifteen, at Washington, Ga., September 8th, 1827. He had the profoundest reverence for the word of God, and most happily interwove it as golden shreds in his speeches.

During a severe illness a few years ago, in answer to a question touching his spiritual condition, he said: "In church connection I am an Old School Presbyterian, and my hope for salvation rests entirely on the merits of the Lord Jesus." He believed in the use and efficacy of prayer, and said he endeavored to live as though each day might be his last. He was not moved by the no-God theories of evolution, or deceiving errors of future restoration. Mark his own words in letters addressed to a beloved brother in college, to whom he stood in *loco parentis*:

"This is true religion: A change of heart from evil to good; a renewal of the soul from low and groveling desires to an expanded and enlarged love for the universe, and an unbounded reverence for its author. To worship is the natural prompting after regeneration—that process by which, in a mysterious way, the depraved nature of fallen man is changed and purified, by the exercise of a saving faith in Christ the Redeemer and Mediator!" And to the same brother, who became the distinguished Judge Linton Stephens, "I believe in a special providence." "Of all Christian virtues, cultivate humility, meekness, and a spirit of dependence on the great Ruler of the Universe for every good and perfect gift." "The world is transitory at best, and little in it worth living for but the prospect it affords of a blessed immortality."

Mr. Stephens writes as follows to a friend on the 29th of March, 1863:

"This is a gloomy day! I have much to make me melancholy; indeed, I should have been a victim of melancholy long ago if I had not resisted it with all my might. I now feel as if I had conquered in the conflict. This I do not think I have accomplished by myself; I feel within that I have been sustained by an unseen power, on whom I have relied and to whom I have looked in my worst trials, even in the darkest hours, with hope and assurance that all would be well under His guidance and protection. I do not feel justified before Him, but I do feel that with His long-suffering and loving kindness, my frailties will be graciously pardoned, my weakness strengthened, and patience and fortitude imparted to bear the ills of life; and by discharging my duties to the best of my ability during this probationary existence, I shall be fitted for that higher sphere hereafter, where there will be no more pain, suffering, trouble, and no more sin! These are the principles and convictions on which I act. I have for years made it my business to devote a portion of each day to prayer, in communing with this unseen, all-pervading power—with God. I was in early life deeply impressed with what is called religious feeling, but after I grew up and entered the world, these feelings greatly subsided. I at one time became skeptical, callous. The world was a mystery; I could see nothing good in it. I was miserable, and that continually. But coming to the conclusion, after a close self-examination, that the error might be in myself, I determined to adopt a new line of policy for my conduct. The earlier impressions of life soon revived. I felt a better, a much more contented, and happier man. The feeling grew with its culture—it softened the temper, awakened deeper emotions of reverence, gratitude and love. It gave consolation in grief, strength in resisting temptation. It impressed the mind with man's weakness and frailties, and his dependence on God. It seemed to elevate the soul and put it in unison with its Maker. This is what sustains me. Such is the character of my religion: I make no boast of it."

In this summary of Mr. Stephens' faith, we recognize the cardinal doctrines of repentance, regeneration, faith in the Lord Jesus, humility, love to God and man, trust in a special Providence, and

the privilege and comfort of daily secret communion with God. And there is an absence of self-righteousness and vain-boasting of his unnumbered charities. In such a practical religion, we apprehend the secret of his great power. For, as a prince, he had power with God and with men, and prevailed.

To his live earnestness, his pauseless energy, his will-power, his integrity, wise forecast, intense humanity and benevolence, there was superadded the glorious crown of that piety which made the God of the Bible his strong habitation, whereunto he might continually resort.

His conscientious declining to enter the ministry was doubtless divinely ordered, that he might illustrate to the whole country the model of a Christian statesman—one who would often turn from the shallow cisterns of human wisdom to the fountain of living waters.

But his toils and pains are ended! The throbbing heart and weary body, the brilliant eye and tireless mind, have closed their mission. From that placid face, so beautifully serene in death, gentle whispers seem to murmur, and to say: "I have entered into rest—strange, sweet rest! The first I have known in seventy long years! All is peace!—the peace of God that passeth understanding!"

His death is a great public calamity; but we must not sorrow as those who have no hope.

"O gracious God! not gainless is our loss—
A sunbeam gilds the darkest frown;
And though his people stagger 'neath the cross,
He rises with the crown."

His mantle has fallen on a most worthy successor. God has taken him at his best. He has been gathered to his rest in full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season. His work was done; he was a finished man. He cultivated his faculties most efficiently. He has done more than all our public men by leaving, in his books, imperishable monuments of his genius and industry. Georgia had bestowed on him her highest honors, and

his last public utterance and work were for his beloved Georgia. He was emphatically the son of the State. He lived and died in her service. Great and glorious man, we will remember thy name and cherish thy virtues, and tell them to the generations following.

“ With us thy name shall live
In long succeeding years,
Embalmed by all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.”

Sages in years to come will tell of thy wisdom, poetry will embalm in rhythmic measures thy virtues, music will chant thy praises, and history will fondly linger over the story of thy life, so pure, so consecrated, and so grand. That chapter in Georgia's life will be ever luminous, and to coming generations a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, to lead them onward and upward.”

At the conclusion of the discourse, Dr. Jones introduced Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who was asked to deliver the closing prayer. Advancing to the edge of the stand and raising his hand, Dr. Talmage said: “Let us pray!”

The vast throng arose and the great preacher continued:

“From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. The years of our life come and go, and whiten the hair and slacken the step, and push us tottering into the grave; but Thy years have no end. We bow before Thee this afternoon to mourn a national calamity, and to escort this body to the grave. We thank Thee for the life of this good man, the honesty of his precepts, the devotion of his life, the generosity of his manner, and for the magnificence of his great soul. We thank Thee for all that he did for his native State; we thank Thee for that which he did for the whole country; we thank Thee for the example of his life in behalf of all posterity. Show us all that is good of it, and provide us against all that is wrong. But, Oh, Lord, we want Thy comfort. We want it to come, first of all, upon his bereaved kindred. Be their God and portion. May they realize that this loved one is only gone before to that land where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Oh, God, anoint them with the everlasting balm of

Thy love and sympathy, and hold them up and say unto them, 'When thou passeth through the waters I will be with you, and the rivers shall not overflow you.' God grant Thy blessing upon this city, and upon this State, and upon this country. May we follow this good man so far as he followed that which was right. I pray that we may consecrate ourselves to Thy service, and learn the solemn lessons of this afternoon, and may we all look forward to that time when we shall meet Thee. And when the toil of life is ended, and we have entered that assemblage with the ten thousand times ten thousand and the hundred and forty and four thousand, we shall ascribe all praises to Thy name. Bless this solemn, tender interview to the good of our souls, go with us to the grave, guide us by Thy counsel while we live. When we are in darkness be our light; when we are in sickness be our physician; when we are dying be our life; and when we are dead be our resurrection; and the glory, and the praise, and the salvation, and the song shall be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen."

After the audience had resumed their seats, the choir sang:

Nearer, my God, to Thee !
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !
 Nearer to Thee !

Though like a wanderer,
 Weary and lone,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone—
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !
 Nearer to Thee !

There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven !
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given !
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !
 Nearer to Thee !

The benediction was then pronounced by Dr. Gwin, and the ceremonies at the hall were ended. The audience remained seated until the remains were carried out by the Marietta street entrance and placed in the hearse. Then the procession was made up and moved slowly toward the cemetery. It was a mile and a half long, and was the most remarkable spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in Georgia. There was a deep solemnity in the music of the muffled drums and the sweet sad strains of the funeral marches that were played by the band.

Order of Funeral Procession

1. Marshal and Assistants, (mounted.)
 2. Officiating Ministers and Pall Bearers.
 3. Hearse, escorted by detail of Eight Georgia Huzzars on each side, (mounted,) and followed by the Governor's Aids.
 4. The Family.
 5. The Governor and State House Officers.
 6. The Foreign Consuls.
 7. The Judiciary, including Judges of the Supreme Court, the Superior and City Courts, and of the United States Courts.
 8. Members of the General Assembly.
 9. Members and ex-Members of Congress.
 10. United States Officials.
 11. Municipal Authorities.
 12. County Officials from all the Counties of the State.
 13. Trustees and Faculty of the University of Georgia.
 14. Military Organizations.
 15. Organizations and Societies in Bodies or by Delegations.
 16. Visiting Delegations.
 17. Citizens on Foot.
 18. Citizens in Carriages.
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Pall Bearers.

Ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown, Alfred Baker, Esq.,
 Ex-Governor James M. Smith, Hon. Augustus Reese,
 Ex-Governor Alfred H. Colquitt, Captain Henry P. Hill,
 Ex-Governor Benjamin Conley, Colonel John H. Estill,
 Ex-Governor Rufus B. Bullock, Robert Schmidt, Esq.,
 General John B. Gordon, Dr. H. H. Carey,

Hon. Alexander M. Speer,	Judge William W. Weaver,
General Robert Toombs,	Hon. William Wilder,
General Henry R. Jackson,	John H. Flynn, Esq.,
Hon. Robert P. Trippe,	Joseph Myers, Esq.,
Hon. Campbell Wallace,	John F. Armstrong, Esq.,
Hon. N. L. Trammell,	Charles Spaeth, Esq.,
Hon. Milton A. Candler,	Hon. Joel A. Billups,
Dr. H. V. M. Miller,	Hon. Charles W. DuBose,
Dr. H. A. Steiner,	S. J. Farmer, Esq.,
Colonel Richard M. Johnson,	Judge James S. Hook,
General Phillip Cook,	General M. A. Stovall,
General J. J. Jones,	E. R. Schneider, Esq.,
	Hon. Patrick Walsh.

Military Companies.

SAVANNAH VOLUNTEER GUARDS,	- - - - -	Lieut. Col. Garrard.
AUGUSTA CLARKE LIGHT INFANTRY,	- - - - -	Capt. J. O. Clarke.
" CLINCH RIFLES,	- - - - -	Capt. Bean.
COLUMBUS CITY LIGHT GUARD,	- - - - -	Capt. J. W. Woolfolk.
" GUARDS,	- - - - -	Capt. W. S. Sheppard.
MACON SOUTHERN GUARDS,	- - - - -	Capt. G. W. Findley.
GRIFFIN SPALDING GREYS,	- - - - -	Lieut. Col. Newton.
FIRST REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS,	- - - - -	Lieut. Col. Reilly.
SAVANNAH REPUBLICAN BLUES,	- - - - -	Lieut. Dixon.
" IRISH JASPER GREENS,	- - - - -	Lieut. McGrath.
" OGLETHORPE LIGHT INFANTRY,	- - - - -	Lieut. Landershine.
" GERMAN VOLUNTEERS,	- - - - -	Lieut. Kuck.
" CADETS,	- - - - -	Lieut. Mell.
" MILITARY ACADEMY,	- - - - -	_____
AMERICUS LIGHT INFANTRY,	- - - - -	Capt. Jossey.
GRIFFIN LIGHT GUARDS,	- - - - -	Capt. J. S. Bass,
AUGUSTA STEPHENS HOSE COMPANY,	- - - - -	Capt. W. F. Law.
ATLANTA MUSICAL BAND,	- - - - -	_____
ATLANTA GATE CITY GUARDS,	- - - - -	Lieut. W. C. Sparks.
SAVANNAH CHATHAM ARTILLERY,	- - - - -	Lieut. R. F. Harmon.
" GEORGIA HUZZARS,	- - - - -	Lieut. J. H. Johnson.
ATLANTA GEORGIA CADETS, - (COLORED COMPANIES.)	- - - - -	Capt. Bentley.
AUGUSTA DOUGLASS LIGHT INFANTRY,	- - - - -	Capt. Cummings.
ROME STAR GUARDS,	- - - - -	Capt. Higginbotham.
BIBB COUNTY BLUES,	- - - - -	Capt. S. Moseley.
ATLANTA CAPITOL GUARDS,	- - - - -	Capt. Wimbish.
ATLANTA GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS,	- - - - -	Capt. Jackson McHenry.
MACON LINCOLN GUARDS,	- - - - -	_____

To the Grave.

After the impressive ceremonies at the capitol, the great crowd of people poured out on the living sea below. Under the solemn inspiration of the "Dead March" from a dozen brass bands, the great procession began its mournful pilgrimage.

Never until that hour was there any adequate conception of the immense concourse of people gathered in Atlanta to pay the last tribute to the mortal remains of the immortal Georgian. Looking down from the capitol, there were in the wide expanse of Marietta street and the square at the intersection of Peachtree, Line and Decatur at least ten thousand persons. But after the procession turned down Broad street, the crowd seemed fully as great. Sidewalks were packed, and the funeral cortege wound its way in the street amid a throng that respectfully yielded its space with uncovered heads. For two hours the street-cars and every variety of vehicle had been pouring people to Oakland Cemetery. Many persons supposed the funeral march would be down Decatur street in a direct line to the cemetery, and that street was full from the capitol to the wide gates of the solemn city. But on Hunter street the scene was indeed remarkable.

Passing down Broad amid the mass of people of every condition and every nationality represented in this cosmopolitan city, with every window opened to the raw breeze, and filled with faces peering out on the black line, it turned up Hunter street. That broad avenue, for the first time in its history, was literally filled with people, and not with Atlanta people alone, but with men and women from every city and almost every town and hamlet in the State. The head of the procession was almost to the cemetery before the last of it had left the capitol. Many of the civil and military delegations were marching eight abreast, and very close together, but even then there was a line of two miles moving toward the open tomb, where already a multitude awaited their ar-

rival. They had been gathering in the broad avenues and the narrow ways of Oakland cemetery for three hours. Save when the women bear flowers to freshen the graves of the heroic Confederate dead, no such gathering was ever known in that silent city. The crowd had gathered in circles about the Cotting vault, where it was known the remains were to be placed. The vault was erected by the Cotting family to receive the remains of David G. Cotting, who was Secretary of State. On the brow of the vault rested beautiful floral ornaments. The coat-of-arms of Georgia was beautifully wrought in white hyacinths, rose-buds, mignonettes and violets. Another design of the arms was presented by the ladies of Augusta, and bore the name of their city just beneath the word "Constitution," both in blue flowers beautifully worked amid the tender white blossoms.

The hearse was stopped at the rear of the vault, and the pall-bearers came forward to bear the remains out of the solemn carriage to their last resting-place. Approaching the vault were Right Rev. Bishop Beckwith, Rev. John Jones, Governor Boynton, Senator Colquitt, Senator Brown, Charles C. Jones, Henry R. Jackson, Chief Justice Jackson, John B. Gordon, Justice Martin J. Crawford and the following gentlemen from Augusta: Joseph Myers, John F. Armstrong, M. A. Stovall, E. R. Schneider and Charles Spaeth. The coffin was borne from the hearse by the members of the Governor's staff as follows: J. F. Burke, of Atlanta; J. C. Printup, of Rome; Litt. C. Jones, of Atlanta; Douglas Wikle, of Cartersville; Isaac Russell, of Savannah; Gunby Jordan, of Columbus; W. M. Snead, of Savannah.

Bishop Beckwith and Rev. Mr. Jones marched in front of the pall-bearers, and as the Bishop stepped on the walk leading to the vault, he began the recital of the grand burial ceremony of the Episcopal Church, "I am the resurrection and the life." Every hat was raised, and in reverential silence bowed the vast multitude as the solemn ceremony was repeated by the Bishop. Last around the coffin were Mr. John A. Stephens and family, Mr. Clarence Stephens, Mr. W. W. Simpson, Colonel Avery and family, Mr. Seidell, Dr. Steiner, Dr. Raines and family.

The vault door was closed by the sexton, Mr. W. B. Bonnell, and the bands repeating the "Dead March," began the departure of the military from the scene. The crowds followed, but for an hour after there were thousands wandering in the silent avenues and coming to bid a last farewell to the vault where the precious mortal relic had just been laid. A more peaceful scene cannot be imagined. The sun sank as the ceremony came to its close. The shadows fell, deepening the gloom of the general loss, and touching with a tenderer pathos the hearts of those who just then fully realized it. One bright star peered out before its time, and sent through all the space of its distance a clear light to speak of the "resurrection and the life," and then around it beamed a coronal of golden light. As the heavy veils of darkness fell, the last footfall echoed over the stony path and out of the gate, when the bell tolled for its close, leaving under the silent stars, in that triumphant grave, a great soul awaiting the resurrection.

Congressional Tribute.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3, 1883.

Resolved, That this House has just learned, with the deepest sorrow, of the death of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of the State of Georgia, and so long a useful, faithful and distinguished member of this House, and that this House herewith expresses its heartfelt sympathy with the people, not only of Georgia, but with the people of the whole country, in the loss of a statesman and a patriot.

Attest:

EDWARD MCPHERSON, *Clerk.*

Vermont's Tribute.

STATE OF VERMONT,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SHELBURN, March 6, 1883.

As a mark of respect for the memory of Alexander H. Stephens, late Governor of Georgia, and as a token of sympathy for the people of that State, I request that all State offices be closed on Thursday, the 8th instant, the day of his funeral, and direct that the national flag be displayed at half-mast from the capitol building at Montpelier until sundown of that day.

By the Governor :

JOHN L. BARSTOW.

GEO. W. WALES,

Sec'y of Civil and Military Affairs.

Sermon of Rev. C. De Witt Calmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

TEXT : Isaiah lx. 20.—“ A little one becomes a thousand.”

In this prophecy is set forth that which we have all noticed, that it is not the amount of avoirdupois weight which decides effectiveness. Many a man with vast physical equipment has not weighed a half-ounce on the side of the world's betterment, while many a one of insignificant stature, and feeble forearm, and decrepit limb has weighed a ton on the right side of the moral balances. David, the King of Israel, was so small a mite that he upset the gravity of the giant, Goliath, yet the sword of the giant is hung up in history as impotent beside the sling of his dwarf combatant. Napoleon was only five feet in stature. Archibald Alexander, though head and shoulders above other preachers of his time in theological attainments, was not more than up to their elbows in physical height. Some of the grandest, mightiest and most decisive and resounding strokes that have been given for God and the Church and the world have been given by some whose bodily equipment has been only a pledge for the soul's earthly retention. Isaac Watts set his diminutive personal presence in immortal rythm. One such man as any I have mentioned, though

built on contracted corporal scale, in intellectual or moral force amounted to a thousand ordinary people. Their achievements were far beyond anything their body prophesied, and so my text had its echo—"And a little one became a thousand."

Among these men of small body and great soul I place the name of one, the announcement of whose death falls upon me with this evening's shadow. Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of Georgia, and late member of the Congress of the United States, is no more, for God hath taken him. With him I have had warm personal friendship, and the tidings came to me this afternoon more like a sharp blast out of the North than a message from the balmy South. I have nothing to do with Alexander H. Stephens as a politician, but as a warm friend, as a devoted Christian, as a great and magnificent soul wrapped up in the frailest earthly tenement, I have something loving and gladsome and earnest to say. Though a little one, he was a thousand.

He was, first of all, a Christian, a member of our beloved denomination, bosom friend of and life companion with Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, whose name, in all branches of my own family, is an inspiration and a benediction. The theologian of whom I now speak, like his distinguished friend whom I commemorate, was a little one who became a thousand. Yes, Alexander H. Stephens believed in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, with more brain than all the infidels now blatant and brailing and blaspheming around Washington. He was a believer in the Bible and Christianity, and all up and down the South are ministers of the gospel who went into college and theological seminary and into pulpit through Alexander H. Stephens' pocket. With no princely estate, I am told that for the last thirty years there has not been an hour in which he has not been supporting men on their way to medicine or the law or the pulpit. Starting for the ministry and turning aside for the legal profession, yet preaching to-day all over the South the gospel of good tidings which shall yet be to all people. He was one of the few men who, like James Lennox, of New York, could stay outside of the marriage relation and yet be-

come kinder and more genial and more sympathetic and more generous as the years went by. First, he honored God, and next he honored Christian womanhood, and wherever there was a burdened man who wanted help, or a wayward man who wanted opportunity to return, or a struggling man who wanted knowledge, there was one who might count on Mr. Stephens as an ally. Within ten days I have heard his colored servants in most unlimited terms speak his praise.

His home at Crawfordville, Georgia; his Executive mansion at Atlanta, Georgia; his rooms at the National Hotel at Washington, the centre of helpfulness and good cheer and hospitality and culture; his heart large enough for the whole world to enter; only eighty-five pounds in physical weight; at any moment within the last forty years the possibility that through the insufficient bars of flesh his spirit might fly away.

Though he lived in stormy times, all who knew him knew that he was a champion of peace, the very last man in his State to surrender to the decree of secession, crying out, after General Pope's defeat in Virginia, for compromise, gladly going to Fortress Monroe to meet Wm. H. Seward in treaty about the best way of stopping the war, and, after the close of the great struggle, everywhere counseling amity on the largest scale and forgetfulness of old grudges. In November, 1860, Mr. Stephens made the following remarks in the House of Representatives, Georgia:

"When I look around and see our prosperity in everything—agriculture, commerce, art, science and every department of education, physical and mental as well as moral advancement, and our colleges—I think, in the face of such an exhibition, if we can, without the loss of power or any essential right or interest, remain in the Union, it is our duty to ourselves and to posterity to—let us not too readily yield to this temptation—do so. Our first parents, the great progenitors of the human race, were not without a like temptation when in the Garden of Eden. They were led to believe that their condition would be bettered—that their eyes would be opened, and that they would become as gods. They, in an evil hour, yielded instead of becoming gods; they only saw their own

nakedness. I look upon this country, with our institutions, as the Eden of the World—the paradise of the universe. It may be that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous, but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear, if we rashly evince passion, and without sufficient cause shall take that step, instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous and happy—instead of becoming gods, we will become demons, and at no distant day commence cutting one another's throats. This is my apprehension. Let us, therefore, whatever we do, meet these difficulties, great as they are, like wise and sensible men, and consider them in the light of all the consequences which may attend our action. Let us see first clearly where the path of duty leads, and then we may not fear to tread therein."

I read this to show that in his bosom the dove of peace always settled. He would not hurt a fly, much less a man. Had there been ten such men at the South and ten such men at the North, the grave-trenches would never have been dug, and the great shadows of bereavement would not have fallen on every mountain and valley and home from the Penobscot to the Alabama, and from the Canadas to the Gulf. One such man at the North zone and one such man at the South could not stem the overwhelming tides. A little one might become a thousand, but could not become forty millions.

What an example for all ages as to what invalidism may accomplish is this one sick and emaciated man now departed! He was not well for sixty years, first going on one cane, then on two canes, then on cane and crutch, then on two crutches, afterward to wheeled chair—wheeled into the railroad train, wheeled into the steamboat, wheeled into the hotel, wheeled into the Congressional hall, wheeled into the gubernatorial mansion, wheeled on to the stage of the Opera House at Savannah, where he took his final cold, wheeled up to the sick-bed on which he was laid down to die. What inspiration for all invalids! Why give up the battle of life because some of your weapons are captured? Take from the world the work of invalids and you make an appalling subtraction—Robert Hall, an invalid; Edward Payson, an invalid;

Richard Baxter, an invalid. The men of O'Brien, in Ireland, were in hospitals. The battle went against them. These men of O'Brien begged that they might be brought out from hospital, and, as they could not stand alone, that stakes might be driven into the ground, and that they might be fastened to these stakes. With one side fastened to the stakes, and the right arm free, they fought, and they fought to desperation and to death. John Milton saw farther without eyes than thousands of men with them. Look out for the soldier's crutch and the old man's staff if they be wielded for patriotism or Christianity! In garrets, in cellars, in sick-rooms, in asylums, in hospitals, how many of the Lord's troops, some in one way, some in another, efficient for God. Many a man with one arm has accomplished more for the kingdom of Christ than others with two. It is not the number of guns we carry, but the way we unlimber them. It is not our grandeur of opportunity, but the use we make of it. With two eyes and two ears and two feet, we may not be worthy the space we occupy, while Alexander H. Stephens can make his wheeled chair a conqueror's chariot. Sportsmen go out to see two stout pugilists batter each other into indistinguishable visage, but I go out in my discourse to see poor eye-sight, and shriveled arm, and palsied foot, and rheumatic knee capture Congressional hall, and Senatorial chamber, and gubernatorial chair, and the respect of all Christendom.

More than anything am I impressed, as I see this little one become a thousand, with the fact that the soul is distinct and independent of the body. That man was a fool who thought the puny creature of the invalid's chair was Alexander H. Stephens. It was only the shell of him. It was only the scaffold of an Alhambra. It was only the anchor of a winged ship, ready to sail away as soon as the impediment was lifted. Away with all your agnostic talk about the soul as being only a development of the body! Do you really think that the great Architect of the universe would build such a magnificent cupola on such an insufficient foundation? No! the poor body that this week bereft Georgians shall put away into dust is not Alexander H. Stephen. He lives! He widens out into grander existence. He has moved up and on. He has

gone up among the giants. Never has there been in this country a grander lesson of immortality for the American people. So much soul and so little body!

What a relief it must be to get out of the cripple's vehicle! What a promotion from the arms of the dusky servants who helped him from room to room, and up the marble steps of the Capitol at Washington, now that he has reached the arms of angels, and the arms of Christ, and the arms of God! Wing instead of crutch; health instead of sickness; rapture instead of pain; life instead of death; heaven instead of earth. Dear, gracious spirit, fare thee well till we meet again under cloudless skies and in eternal summer. With more meaning than ever before that little one has become a thousand.

What a mighty place heaven must be! From exalted and from humble spheres the great souls are ascending. Roll on, sweet day which shall bring us into companionship with those who on earth were so kind and gentle and loving, and who, having passed on, are now more radiant than when here we knew them. Yes, though you and I are so weak now, we shall be mighty. It doth not yet appear what we shall be. Ten times better than now, a hundred times better than now, five hundred times better—yes, a little one shall become a thousand. A thousand times more helpfulness; a thousand times more strength; a thousand times more like God. I am glad for this additional evidence that Christianity is not an imbecile fabrication. If it had been a sham, Alexander H. Stephens was the man to have found it out. I am glad to point to his name on the scroll of the gospel mighties. On that same scroll the Clays, the Calhouns, the Sir William Hamiltons, the Blackstones, the Raphaels, the Mozarts—any one of them a thousand. Young man, scoffed at for your verdancy and weakness in believing in the religion of your fathers, I advise you to carry in your pocket a scroll a yard long, all full of the names of those who, like Alexander H. Stephens, believed in Christ and the Bible, and then ask the scoffer to explain that. Yes, copy down the words of the strongest American intellect of his times—the dying experiences of Daniel Webster, a warm friend of the

illustrious Georgian whom this night we mourn. The dying man at Marshfield ejaculated, "Amen, amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

"Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart shall lie,
Resolved—for that is my last defense—
If I must perish, here to die."

"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." "I shall be to-night in life and joy and blessedness." In that glorious hope died Daniel Webster, the expounder of the Constitution; in that glorious hope expired Alexander H. Stephens, the illustrious Georgian.

Extract from Mrs. Mary E. Bryan's Tribute.

He died just as the day was breaking. It was the hour he had lately said he looked for death to come. Once, this winter, a friend took him some flowers. In the conversation that ensued, he spoke of Henry Timrod's poems—of that saddest, sweetest one, his favorite, called "A Common Thought"—the poem poor Timrod had whispered with husky lips just before he died. Mr. Stephens repeated it almost in full.

"Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be—
In the dewdrop and the sunshine,
Waits a solemn hour for me.

"At the wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist;
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hist! oh, hist!

"In a dim and murky chamber
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broad'ning day.

"As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, 'He is gone.'"

"I have always thought I should die at daybreak," he went on. "Most people die between midnight and dawn. Physicians say that the life-forces are then at the lowest ebb, the pulse at its slowest beat." . . .

We shall never see his counterpart. More astute statesmen may arise; there will never be a man whom circumstances and peculiar organization will unite to make a figure so unique, so complete in all that enchains affection, that inspires intellect and ennobles the heart.

Born of the people—the representative people—he had in him a strong fibre of sympathy with the yeomanry of his land. Reared among the rural scenes and farm people, he carried with him through all the scholastic culture and patrician associations of after years a fragrance, as it were, of the fields—an atmosphere of simplicity and honesty such as forms the heritage of the race of Southern farmers. It was this blending of the yeoman and the patrician, the patriarch and the statesman, which gave him his wide sympathies and his many-sidedness of character. Add to this the pathos of a life of suffering and self-repression, and the sweetening, secret influence of a subtle vein of poetry, hidden as dew in a rose's cup, and you will have the key to his hold upon the hearts of the people.

Courage was the chief characteristic of this physically frail hero; courage to stand by his convictions when he believed them right, change them when he saw them wrong; courage to defend his positions and his people; courage to repress the claims of self; courage to lay the hand of iron will upon Pain that goaded him all his life, and Despondency that sought to cloud his faculties.

"The bravest are the tenderest." Tender and trusting and pitiful as a child was this strong-brained man, whose charitable deeds are unnumbered, and whose hand was ever ready to help, whose voice was ever ready to soothe and cheer. O grand head and Christ-like heart!—woman's sweetness and man's strength!—never again shall we see you united in a mortal being.

Poem by Paul H. Hayne.

Past midnight now ; the chill March morn is nigh,
When they that hearken catch one weary sigh,
And, his long martyrdom, his life-toil done,
He soared beyond the starlight and the sun.
O life sublime ! O victory hardly won !

Veil, Georgia ! veil thy face, and bow thy head—
The noblest heart in all thy realm is dead !

* * * * *

Unveil thy face ! uplift thy sovereign head—
They dote who say the grand old man is dead.

Beyond the loftiest planet's mystic sphere
He rules in more than royal purple here.

Dead ! while his Influence, borne on all the winds,
Throbs like a pulse of fire in kindling minds !

Dead ! while the vital sweetness of his fame
Rises serene as perfumed altar flame !

Dead ! while in vain the wave-like years shall roll
To sweep his Image from his Country's soul !

Dead ! while in reverent homesteads, near and far,
His sacred memory brightens like a star,
More clearly beautiful, more purely proud,
In fadeless fresco on death's somber cloud !

Dead ! while from stately hall and smouldering camp,
Dives and Lazarus, merchant-prince and tramp,
One voice ascends, of grief, devotion, praise,
And love's rich halo crowns his perfect days !

While touched to tender glory, death's eclipse
Blooms with auroral tints of childish lips—
Which made (how oft !) his withered cheek to glow,
And flash their rosebuds near his locks of snow !

Dead ! nay—his single life, so true, so tried,
Becomes henceforth divinely multiplied,
To find, while this his out-worn frame departs,
Its resurrection in a million hearts !

* * * * *

An echo answers, past the shimmering line
Of the far hill-slopes and the mountain pine—
Past the blue fountains of those vernal skies,
Misted and dim as some sad angel's eyes—
An echo, tender, silvery, and remote,
The song-thrill melting in a heavenly throat,
Yet quivering still with a rapture so divine
It can but seem we hear the dying note
Of choral welcome, on whose tide updrawn,
His happy Soul hath found the primal dawn,
And the long rest which breathes in Paradise !

Poem by Mrs. Charles W. Dubose.

So it is o'er! Three score long years and ten
 He fought his fight;
 A few revolving months rolled swiftly on—
 Down dropped the night!
 His restless couch he meekly pressed, when lo!
 A seraph band
 Swept from the skies, struck off the shackling clay,
 And bore his freed soul on their wings away
 From earth's gray glooms to find a glorious day
 In heaven's blest land!

A good man sleeps—a great man rests from toil,
 And yet we weep!
 The State is stricken and a nation bows
 In sorrow deep;
 On grief so just let no irreverent word
 Or thought encroach;
 For his high aims, grand thoughts, and actions pure,
 All coming men shall hold his fame secure,
 And name him still “a chevalier sans puer
 Et sans reproche.”

'Tis well! to rest, so bravely won, consign
 The worn-out frame;
 Give to the grave the fragile clay, but keep
 The deathless name!
 No more those flashing eyes, that mirrored erst
 His pure, proud soul,
 Melt with soft pity or grow dark with scorn;
 But tired and fainting, weary, weak and worn,
 He closed their lids—and lo! the radiant dawn
 Announced his goal.

When through the blue empyrean vast his soul
 Soared up to God,
 What rapture thrilled it as the voice divine
 Spake his award!
 “Well done, thou good and faithful one, and true—
 Enter thy rest.
 Stand in the sight of God, erect and strong;
 Rest in these bowers of bliss, while angels' song
 And all the choirs of Heav'n the notes prolong,
 A saint is blest.”

Could it have added to thy rapture then,
 If 'mid that host
 Thy eagle glance had caught the eye of one
 Long loved and lost?
 If He, the Lord of all, with look of love
 And accent sweet,
 Hadst said, “Behold thy brother, ransomed free
 By ruddy drops I shed on Calvary”—
 And thou and he hadst sunk in ecstasy
 At Jesus' feet!

Let us believe it! God is merciful,
 And it were fit!
 On earth, like David's unto Jonathan's,
 Their souls were knit;
 And when God called the one, the other's life
 Was incomplete.
 If to the blessed peace and rest of Aiden
 That added boon of gracious love were given,
 How blest were he beyond the hosts of Heav'n—
 Victor complete!

SPARTA, GA., March 8, 1883.

Poem by Charles W. Hubner.

"We leave the Great Commoner in the zenith of his glory."

MACAULAY.

Great Commoner! All that remains of thee
 To eye and tender touch perceptible,
 To-day, in soil that thou hast loved so well,
 With tears and reverent rite entombed shall be,
 To moulder there to ashes peacefully;
 Death claims his mortmain dues his gains to swell—
 To him we give thy body's brittle shell,
 Thy soul to God and immortality!
 Friend! Patriot! Statesman! Lover of thy kind!
 Ah, nobler still than each of these or all—
 Though thou of each and all wast crowned the best—
 Christian! of Christ-like mould in heart and mind,
 On whom could now *thy* prophet-mantle fall
 Since thy great soul hath entered into rest?

ATLANTA, March 8, 1883.



Appendix.

TESTIMONIES AND FACTS OF THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF GOVERNOR STEPHENS, FURNISHED AT THE REQUEST OF DR. JONES, BY REV. A. C. THOMAS, OF SPARTA, GA.; REV. DR. D. L. BUTTOLPH, OF MARIETTA, GA.; AND REV. J. H. ECHOLS, OF LEXINGTON, GA.

SPARTA, GA., April 22, 1883.

REV. JOHN JONES, D.D., ATLANTA, GA.

Dear Sir: Yours of 16th instant to hand. You request my estimate of the Christian character of Gov. A. H. Stephens, based on personal reminiscences.

During the three years (1871-'72-'73), it was my privilege to be often the guest of his boundless hospitality and beneficiary of his sage counsels, and have certainly a deep impression of the genuineness of his Christian character. Crawfordville was the centre of my first circuit as an itinerant Methodist preacher. For twenty-five years the Methodists had had neither church-building nor society at that place. The fact that the writer was a very timid boy, just starting in his life-work, without a church to preach in, or membership to entertain or encourage him, was sufficient to evoke the sympathy of this great Christian statesman—so great because so truly Christian.

"Bird's Chapel," the neat Methodist Church now in the front yard of "Liberty Hall," at Crawfordville, was built at that time largely by his munificence, and named by him for Rev. Williamson Bird, a Methodist preacher, whose memory he cherished with affection and reverence. After the writer had secured, through the liberal subscription of and letter of introduction from Mr. Stephens, sufficient funds to commence the erection of this church, he saw that if I had to purchase an eligible site, I would be embarrassed at once; hence, unlike any one else, he proffered a place in his front yard. Thus it can be seen that the many conversa-

tions he had with me grew out of his interest in my special work—not so much as a friend talks to a friend, but as a father would counsel his son. In this spirit, I remember he once very fully unbosomed to me the principles of his religious creed, and some of the facts of his Christian experience. I cannot reproduce his words, but he gave the unqualified assent of his great mind to the Divine inspiration of the Bible—that he kept it near him and read it as a letter from his Heavenly Father. He based his hopes of heaven on his personal trust in Christ as “the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” He discoursed at length on the power of prayer as one of the greatest moral and spiritual forces in the universe of God; that it was, in itself, a Divine law, and that results followed it as invariably as effect follows cause. As an illustration, he said he knew a great religious awakening would take place in his town, because he had noticed a few faithful Christians going daily to the church near his house to pray for that very object. This led him to speak of the comfort and efficacy of prayer in his own heart and life. When in the library, near his bed-room door, early one morning, I heard this good and great man engaged in what seemed to me fervent prayer and praise to God. If Solomon was arrayed in divinest glory when lifting his hands in prayer in the temple to the God of his father, David, so in no position in the wonderful life of Alexander H. Stephens was he so truly great as when on his knees before the God of his sainted mother.

I am respectfully and fraternally yours,

A. C. THOMAS.

MARIETTA, GA., April 27, 1883.

Dear Brother Jones: Several years ago—it could not have been less than eight, as near as I remember—Colonel J. D. Waddell invited me to accompany him to Crawfordville to see the late Governor A. H. Stephens, who was then prostrated by a severe, and it was then thought, fatal illness.

We arrived at Liberty Hall late in the afternoon, and were immediately ushered into the sick-room, where lay Mr. Stephens, apparently in the lowest stage of physical weakness. His favorite servant, Harry, was feeding him with a spoon, he being unable to feed himself. The conversation was general, and though Mr. Stephens was so weak in body, his conversation showed that his mind was as vigorous as ever. We were soon called to supper, and after the repast was over, I went into the parlor, where were gathered quite a number of guests. About an hour after, a servant came to me and said that Mr. Stephens wished to see me in his room. I again entered his sick-room, and found no one present but the patient and Harry. There was a chair close to the bed, and, pointing to it, Mr. Stephens begged me to be seated. He said he had called for me that he might speak to me alone of his religious belief. He remarked that he thought he had strength enough to talk for at least a quarter of an hour, and that he would occupy all the time himself. He began by saying, as nearly as I can now remember, that he believed implicitly in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that all his hopes rested upon the sacrifice and merits of his Redeemer. There had been times, he observed, when the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ had caused him some difficulty, but that all doubts on this subject had fled.

His conversation showed that he had studied the subject profoundly. He went back to the earliest history of the Christian church, speaking of the various councils held, their names, dates, decrees—showing an accurate knowledge of church history. He expressed a readiness to die if God so willed; and he made the impression on my mind that he thought his end was near. He continued his conversation uninterrupted for at least a half hour, and stopped because his strength failed. He then asked me to pray with him, saying that only Harry was present, who was a good Christian, belonging to the Methodist Church. During the prayer Harry responded warmly to every petition which particularly touched Mr. Stephens' case.

I left Crawfordville the next day, and had no further religious conversation with him. The impression which Mr. Stephens made

upon my mind during this half hour's interview with him, was that his faith in Christ was not merely intellectual, but genuine and heartfelt.

I have nothing more to add, except to give you an extract from Mr. Stephens' letter to Colonel Waddell, upon the reception of a printed copy of the sermon preached at the funeral of Colonel Waddell's wife. He writes from Washington City, under date of May 1st, 1880. In the conclusion of his letter, he says:

"But, my dear friend, the perusal of the sermon filled me with sadness. It impressed me more deeply with the consciousness of the transitory nature of all things earthly. Mrs. Waddell has but departed in advance of lamenting friends. All of us must in our turn soon follow. Well may we singly exclaim as we go: May our last end be like hers."

Very truly yours,

D. L. BUTTOLPH.

LEXINGTON, April 30th, 1883.

REV. J. JONES.

Dear Sir: Your card requesting a brief statement of what Gov. Stephens said to me about the last hours and death of Mr. John Bird, has been received.

Hon. A. H. Stephens sent for me to preach the funeral of Mr. Bird, who died at Liberty Hall. I knew Mr. Bird intimately. He was not at all religious, but was the perfection of a noble and truthful manhood. I felt great embarrassment in complying with the wishes of Mr. Stephens, as I supposed Mr. Bird had died as he lived. I asked Mr. Stephens if there was anything in Mr. B.'s last illness that I might refer to, that would comfort his friends. To my great relief and surprise, he said: "Why, Echols, I think John Bird died a penitent. Let me tell you what occurred. When our physician, Dr. Alfriend, saw he must die, he said to me, 'You must tell John he cannot live much longer; and if he has any requests to make or preparation for the future, he must do it now.' I went into his room, and walked around his bed. John, looking

at me intently, said, 'Aleck' (as he always called me), 'I know what is the matter; Dr. Alfriend has told you I must die.' 'Yes, John,' I replied, 'and I do hope you will try and get ready for it.' He said to me, 'Aleck, do you think it would be treating God Almighty right to pretend that I want to be religious, and spend the few hours that I have left in praying to Him, when I have spent all my life in the service of the devil?' I said to him, 'John, if God is *willing* to save you, ought you not to be willing to be saved?' 'Of course,' he said, 'but I cannot do anything *now*.' I replied, 'If Christ should save you, would He not get the credit of it?' 'Yes, indeed!' 'Well, John, who ought to have the credit of it? Did not Christ die for sinners?' He caught this reasonable proposition, and showed signs of emotion, and said to me, 'Aleck, I wish you would pray for me!' I told him I would do what was better—I would read to him the word of God. I read many passages to him, and he seemed to take hold of the truth, became very sorrowful for his past sins, trusted his soul to Christ alone, and died, as I said before, a penitent."

The above is a recital of the most successful instance of pointing a sinner to Christ I ever heard of. No theologian, however wise, could have surpassed the great statesman in leading his young friend unto salvation.

Yours truly,

J. H. ECHOLS.

Such was Alexander Hamilton Stephens. His personal faith found peace in a divine Redeemer; his Christian charity embraced God's people of every name; and his tender pity pointed the perishing to the Lamb of God!

J. J.

